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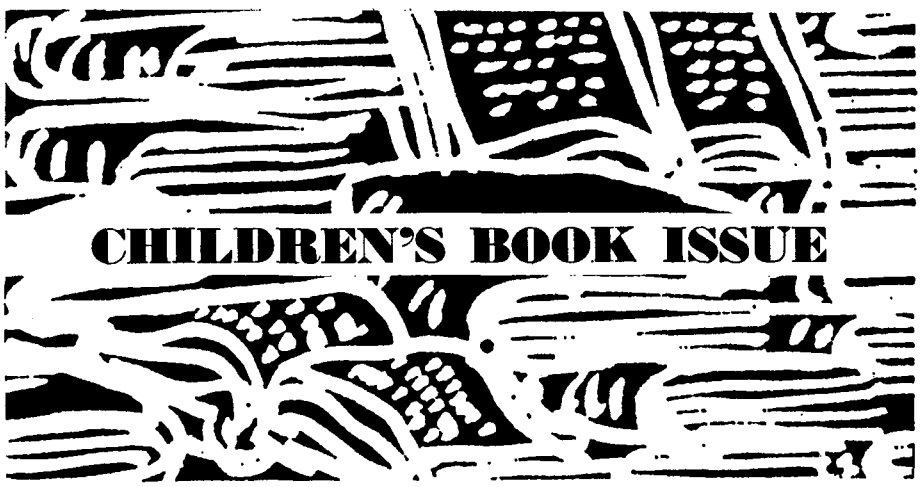

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NEWS AND VIEWS

As firm supporters of the war in Vietnam, the editors of *America* could hardly have been expected to approve of the April 15 Peace March; but, oh my, it was upsetting to the Jesuit editorialist who covered it (*America,* April 29). Draft-card burners! And people selling Marx and Mao—and even *Ramparts*! Vietcong flags and daffodils and miniskirts! Dear me, things like this don't happen on Jesuit campuses.

Whatever could it mean when a few hundred thousand people gather to protest a war waged in their name? "The smell of roast bananas was in the air. . . ." *America* explained. Etc., etc. "Men worked late that night cleaning the streets of Manhattan," the editorial concluded. Respectable citizens rest assured. *America* guarantees that your feet will not be infected by all that peace scum.

•

Robert Hinck of Columbia University summed up the feelings of many of us who marched that day in an article in the *Owl,* one of the student papers. Hinck found himself unable to do the straight news story he was assigned, and he addressed his remarks to "America" instead. He was talking about the country, not the magazine. Works out rather appropriately, though:

"There will be no news story on the Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam. I was there and I was supposed to do the story but I can't. Who am I to argue with the New York *Times*?

"Those who were there know how it was and those who weren't have already heard all of the reassurances needed to keep them in their state of apathy. We were all smoking pot. We cooked bananas, burned draft cards and had scruffy hair. We sang about our preference for making love, rather than fighting the war that our betters out there in respectable America have taken to their hearts. . . . War is virility; love of peace is bohemianism and quite probably a sexual perversion. 'I saw all those weirdos on the news.'

"Well, America, you saw all those people; and maybe you're not ready for this yet, but they are people, and they weren't the only ones! There were a thousand or two of us from Columbia and if all of us didn't get on TV it's because only a few of us were wearing our psychedelic T-shirts. . . . There were teachers and little old ladies. There were parents with children clinging to their backs. There was a man in a wheelchair who took one in the spine at Guadalcanal. . . .

"In short there were average Americans and far from average Americans, and . . . we got to the U.N. and went home happy. . . . We were wet and tired but we all felt that maybe this had accomplished the beginning of the end of American intransigence in Vietnam.

"Then we got home and found out that it just might be impossible to accomplish anything. NBC told us what we were: a bunch of kooks. Not only that but the great majority of us were not even in the parade at all. NBC told us that we were 'late-comers.' 100,000 people and a few 'latecomers' marched today after smoking pot all morning in Central Park. . . ."

•

The newsletter of Operation Yorkville, a militant, interfaith, anti-obscenity organization in New York chooses Miller R. Gardner as its most recent "Man of the Month." Gardner is General Manager of Radio New York-Worldwide, which the newsletter describes as a channel "to promote better understanding between peoples, and point out the advantages of our free society." Actually, Radio Worldwide serves as an outlet for a variety of CIA-sponsored broadcasts, especially to Latin American countries. WRUL, its international station, broadcast bulletins to Latin America during the 1954 CIA coup in Guatemala, and played a role in the Bay of Pigs invasion. Mr. Gardner is very worried about what obscene material may do to the minds and morals of American youth. "An entire generation is at stake. . . . how can they lead us when their time comes?"

Don't fret, Mr. Gardner. They'll probably find some agent from the government to help.

•

Presenting an award to Archbishop Krol of Philadelphia, Methodist Bishop Fred Pierce Corson declared: "We have seen him refuse to panic when crises, due to a misguided and over-exercised interpretation of freedom, threatened the orderly operation of the functions of the Church. . . . Amid the neurotic and exotic demonstrations manifesting the diseased and sin-sick soul of society, Archbishop Krol has . . . moved quietly among us to restablish . . . decency, safety, well-being, and betterment."

The award came immediately after the Philadelphia diocesan school strike.

•

The U.S. government isn't sure how many civilians it kills in Vietnam, but it does know the heartbeat rate of American pilots during bombing runs. Not only that. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration reports, in the words of the New York *Times* (April 11), that "Even during bombing runs on the most hazardous missions over North Vietnam American pilots remain remarkably cool." This is in marked contrast, mind you, to the people being bombed, who have been known to get excited and run for cover. Little children covered with flaming napalm often lose their cool entirely.

But then the NASA report explained that the American pilots had the advantage of long experience. Perhaps after ten more years of war, Vietnamese kids will be getting used to napalm.

•

As I type up that last angry note, I receive a postcard telling me that a high-school friend has been killed after a bombing mission in North Vietnam. The card comes from another friend, a conscientious objector. He believes this war is immoral and fears he cannot honestly support the memorial fellowship being set up in his former classmate's name.

For one generation of Americans, anyway, that dilemma goes a long way toward summing up this war.

PETER STEINFELS

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CORRESPONDENCE

Friendly TV

New York

To the Editors: Your review by Richard Elman, of Fred Friendly's *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control* (April 21) shows, in my opinion, that Mr. Elman is quite naive about the business of television. His main theme is an attack on Messrs. Paley and Stanton for running a business. I think it is fair to state that any business, General Motors, or the New York *Times*, must be responsible to its stockholders. What the writer does not consider is that Edward R. Murrow, Chet Huntley, Martin Agronsky, and fine producers like Mr. Friendly and Lou Hazam at NBC have gotten increasing monies and air time because of the fierce commitment to serve the public interest of men like Dr. Stanton at CBS, Julian Goodman and William R. McAndrew at NBC and their colleagues at ABC and individual stations.

Having worked in television I am well aware of the constant struggle between those that want nothing but quiz shows and soap operas and the newsmen and executives who fight to carry out the responsibility to the public.

I have the greatest respect for Mr. Friendly. His work is some of the finest in broadcasting. Ambassador Kennan is a distinguished public servant whose views are always stimulating and worth hearing but the fact is that Mr. Kennan had indicated his views on Vietnam several times before, so that not covering it that day was certainly not an abdication of public responsibility on the part of Dr. Stanton. . . .

Unfortunately television remains a business and perhaps it should.

RODNEY CLURMAN

Reply

New York

To the Editors: That "television remains a business," was exactly the point I was trying to explore in my review of Mr. Friendly's book, along with the stink-

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AN APPEAL TO REASON

United Nations Secretary General U Thant has raised the specter that should haunt all discussions of Vietnam—that of World War III. If the present trend continues, he warned, a collision first of all between Washington and Peking will surely come. What we are witnessing today in Vietnam, he fears, is "the initial stage of World War III."

Before both World War I and World War II, U Thant reminded us, "the prologues were quite long; what I mean is, the psychological climate, the creation of political attitudes, took some time and when conditions were ripe for some plausible excuse, then the global wars were triggered. In my view," the Secretary General declared, "we are witnessing today similar conditions."

He is concerned, U Thant said, because he knows not only how those caught up in the fighting feel "but also some of the parties not directly involved at present. That is why I say that if the present trend continues, a direct confrontation between Washington and Peking is inevitable. . . ." In this context, U Thant noted that "the mutual defense pact between Moscow and Peking is still in force."

It is hard to see how the UN Secretary General could have been more blunt in his warning, and it was delivered at a good time. As U Thant spoke and Chou En-lai again threatened Chinese intervention, President Johnson was confronted with a momentous decision. There are now in Vietnam approximately 440,000 U.S. servicemen. Within the next few weeks Mr. Johnson must decide whether or not to give General Westmoreland the large troop increase he is said to want—a jump to 550,000 or 600,000 by January 1. An affirmative decision on this point would be of crucial importance. There are increasing indications that the goals of compromise and political settlement are being abandoned by the Johnson Administration in favor of all-out military victory. Escalation of our troop

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strength to new high levels would make it psychologically and politically even more difficult for the President to settle for less ambitious goals.

After more than six years of U.S. involvement, something like 10,000 American G.I.s have been killed in Vietnam. Accurate calculations of the number of Vietcong casualties are impossible to come by. According to the estimate of U.S. Major General James W. Humphreys, civilian casualties in South Vietnam so far this year amount to 50,000. Senator Edward M. Kennedy has another figure; based on study by his Senate subcommittee on refugees and escapees, he estimates war casualties among South Vietnamese civilians at more than 100,000 annually, with other experts estimating that the majority were caused by U.S. action.

Despite these rising U.S. and Vietnamese casualties—or perhaps because of them—domestic reaction to criticism of the war becomes increasingly sharp. On this score President Johnson has been of little help; he occasionally has a kind word for dissent in the abstract, but for the third time recently he used a Medal of Honor ceremony to denounce critics of his Vietnam policy, insisting that the men in Vietnam would pay a stiff price for dissent at home; it never seems to occur to him that they might be paying the price for mistaken Administration policy.

Even more striking examples of a growing home-front hysteria were plentiful. Rep. Paul Findley of Illinois proposed an ultimatum to bring North Vietnam to the negotiating table, backed by the naked threat of a nuclear war. At a House Judiciary subcommittee hearing, one Congressman said that no penalty short of death was too strict for those war protestors who desecrate the flag, and still another said that verbal abuse of the national symbol should be classified as sedition. Representative F. Edward Hebert of Louisiana said, "Let's forget the First Amendment," and L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina and the House Armed Services Committee said to a Methodist critic of national policy on the draft: "There are only two ideologies in the world. One is represented by Jesus Christ and the other by the hammer and sickle. Which do you prefer?"

All this gives one some idea of what the national climate will be like if the war intensifies, and one can only speculate as to what the situation would be like if war with China does come. Happily, however, even in the midst of the rapidly worsening domestic climate there were a few voices besides that of U Thant to speak for reason on Vietnam. One impressive collective dissent was provided by the staff study of the Senate Republican policy committee. This report was immediately attacked, by Senator Dirksen and others, and it now seems to have disappeared from the public view for the time being, but its point is well worth considering nonetheless.

The Republican study called American military intervention in Vietnam essentially a mistake made by the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. Describing the war as a "weary nightmare," it asked if "Democratic mistakes are Republican responsibilities" and raised the question of whether politics really should stop at the water's edge when the issue at stake was American involvement in an Asian land war.

Following similar lines were comments by Senator George P. Aiken of Vermont, dean of Senate Republicans and second-ranking Republican on the Senate foreign relations committee. Senator Aiken said in a speech that he had become convinced "that the present Administration cannot achieve an honorable peace in Vietnam." He was convinced, the Senator said, that President Johnson wanted to bring the conflict to an honorable end. "But," he went on, "the President predicates peace on the capitulation of the enemy and that solution seems far in the distance, if at all." Republican candidates for the Presidency, he urged, should therefore pledge themselves only to "a new look at United States policy in Asia."

How will the Administration respond to the warning from U Thant and to the Republican call for a new look at our policy in Asia? So far there is nothing encouraging about the record on this score. Indeed, as its policies have been shown to be fallacious, Administration efforts to place the blame for this state of affairs on its critics have grown increasingly shrill. The air war over North Vietnam provides a good example.

Originally begun primarily to help morale in the South, the air war against North Vietnam has cost an undisclosed number of American lives and more than a billion dollars; it has without question done more than anything else to inflame world opinion against the United States. Since the air offensive began, 90% of the targets chosen by the Joint Chiefs of Staff are said to have been hit, contrary to popular belief, yet the bombing has not halted infiltration from the North—on the contrary, infiltration has been strongly escalated to keep pace with our own escalation. Given these facts, any realistic look at the situation must surely prove that the major risk of increased casualties does not come from those who urge an immediate halt in the bombing but from those who urge a bigger war. Nonetheless, the same men who previously urged escalation for a quick and sure victory are now calling for "one final push" and urging still further escalation, including mining the harbor at Haiphong, an increase in our troop level to 600,000, and perhaps ultimately invasion of North Vietnam.

The choice is up to President Johnson. Once again he has an opportunity to check this madness; once again he has the chance to reverse the upward direction of this conflict. We desperately hope he will seize this opportunity, that he will turn a deaf ear to all proposals for further escalation; we take recently renewed Chinese warnings and U Thant's fear of World War III with the utmost seriousness, and we pray that President Johnson does too. He now has a chance to say no; there may not be another.

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A NEW WITNESS

The decision of the Association of Chicago Priests to include among its interests the social problems of the general community is almost as significant as the actual formation of the association. Priests associations, beginning with Chicago, have been the targets of cynics for alleged preoccupation with bed, board and benefits; until now they have been partially vulnerable. However, in turning toward such issues as poverty, race relations and peace, the Chicago association, as the prototype of priest associations generally, demonstrated the depth of the Christian concern of priests whom these associations attract. These are not malcontents, but conscientious, sincere men.

The expansion of the interest of the Chicago association has several implications, the most obvious being the criticism it makes of official apostolates by indicating, rather more than indirectly, a disenchantment with current modes and programs. The Chicago association has been at pains to avoid public criticism of the institutional Church and to accent instead a desire to bring a grassroots viewpoint to problems facing the Church Official. The tactic is a discreet one, and not without honesty. But it would be a delusion not to recognize that an astonishingly large percentage of priests have new sets of urgencies and are disinclined to channel action and responsibility through traditional diocesan boards and bureaus.

In this context, the Chicago situation bristles with possibilities that ultimately extend far beyond Chicago. There is the possibility, first, of challenging established patterns and requiring hard reevaluations of aims and means. But, more important, there is the possibility of introducing into the religious and secular communities an important, independent Catholic witness, one the more promising since unencumbered by institutionalism and uncommitted to standard, often archaic procedures.

The directions decided upon in Chicago may disturb elements of the Establishment. But it would be a mistake to regard the initiatives of which Chicago will become increasingly typical as competitive in an unfriendly sense, and as a consequence move to inhibit them. What must be remembered is that, under present institutional forms, the Church cannot hope to do everything it might like; if jobs are to get done, greater authority and freedom must be allowed priests who are where the action is.

Finally, a word of counsel might also be offered priest associations. Representatives of 32 actual and prospective associations sat in on the Chicago meeting. This fact suggests that a near-question may be the grouping of priest associations into a federation and the formation of a national secretariat. A clearing house of ideas seems desirable, but anything too structured could lessen the effectiveness of priest associations by blunting their unofficial character.

McLuhanite Christianity at Expo 67

It was a sense of professional interest, I suppose, more than anything else which drew me to the Christian Pavilion while at Expo 67 last week. Nestled between the Greek and the UN Pavilions on the Ile Notre Dame, it is an unostentatious building that could easily be missed. Don't. In my chastened opinion it is not only one of the best exhibits at the fair but a moving example of how the Gospel can be presented to late 20th century man in a vigorous contemporary idiom.

Remember the dreary religious pavilions at the late lamented New York World's Fair? In the Vatican one you were inundated with copes and miters and whisked by Michelangelo's *Pietà* on a moving belt. Only Corita's murals saved it from total banality. At the Protestant one you were set upon by zealous hucksters pandering their sectarian pamphlets, each booth hawking its spiritual wares louder than the one before. In Montreal by some miracle all that has been left behind. I hear that the Christian Pavilion is sponsored by an ecumenical consortium of Canadian Catholics and Protestants, but even this triumph of churchly togetherness is not flung at us and I suppose you would have to ask to find out about it. I saw no placard about sponsorship and the building is simply called "The Christian Pavilion." Period.

The pavilion contains almost no overt religious symbolism. No open Bibles, no displays of historic crosses, no ecclesiastical robes, no pictures of religious leaders. I saw more gothic art in the Czech pavilion. The Christian one is a masterpiece of indirect communication. It has obviously been assembled by McLuhanite Canadians who wanted to see if a total, involved, multi-medium, wrap-around experience with a very strong visual impact is what gets through to us today. Many of the pavilions attempted to use this totally involving approach. Some, like the Italians, did very well with it. Others, like the Cubans, merely succeeded in confusing and disorienting visitors. Nowhere did it come off better than in the Christian pavilion.

You enter through an innocent little courtyard and find yourself in a large darkened room, the center of which is occupied by a structure resembling a children's jungle-gym on which are mounted dozens of large photographs of very ordinary people in everyday unheroic poses: a bored shop girl looking out from behind her cash register, a taxi driver scanning the sidewalk for a fare, lovers cavorting on a beach, children examining a grasshopper in a science class, a strip-tease dancer taking a cigarette break. The effect, though it is hard to know why, is breathtaking. Perhaps it is the contrast.

Outside the whole of Expo 67 is determinedly cele-

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brating man with a large capital "M": Man the Explorer, Man the Producer, Man the Conqueror of space, time, disease and just about everything else. The accent of the whole Expo is, rightly, on hope and humanism. Yet somehow after a few hours of examining the various exhibits it begins to be a bit much. Expo 67's "Man" begins to seem a little like a nonideological version of those strong-chinned, forward-looking, idealist-eyed figures of socialist realism's statues and canvasses. Cosmonauts, hydrologists and research chemists are pushing back the frontiers of knowledge. Man is reaching for the stars. But your feet are already a little tired and there are long lines at all the restaurants. Then you find yourself in the Christian pavilion. Something happens. In its unvarnished photographs you at once feel a simple affirmation of man as he *is*, now: it seems just right. Fat men and aging women, gawky teenagers, Negro boys with shiny jackets, ordinary people who are neither hunched in despair nor steering rockets to Venus. Yet these are all somehow beautiful. It is a welcome relief. After all those cathode ray tubes, laser beams, hydro-electric power plants and shiny new products in most of the pavilions, it is good to find a pavilion that presents man in his nitty-gritty terrestriality, bathed in a sound backdrop of traffic noises, rock-and-roll music and snatches of ordinary conversation.

The Dark Side of Man

The next room in the pavilion is darker and the mood changes. Here a ten minute movie by Charles Gagnon entitled "The Eighth Day" shows almost continuously. The film is a collage of snippets from newsreels and vintage movies covering the period from World War I to the present. Again artistic restraint has won out over the obvious temptation to present Sin and Man's Cruelty to Man in unrelieved harshness. Of course there are scenes from Buchenwald, shots of Hitler, footage from artillery attacks, bombing raids and trench warfare. But Gagnon has cut in just enough light material from Laurel and Hardy movies, a Buster Keaton chase sequence, 1920 style shows and other such trifles so that we can never settle completely into a mood of gloom or remorse. The film is fast, jerky, horrible, funny and very telling in its effect. You come away from the ten-minute lashing it administers with a little sense of irony about the occasional pretentiousness of Expo's theme and with a realization that there is a dark side to the story of Man and His World which human beings, though we should not be preoccupied with it, nevertheless should not forget either.

The third room of the pavilion lifts you at once with its light and high ceiling. On the wall are a few very large photographs, again of ordinary groups of people. Under each of them, however, there appears a single verse from the Bible. Each verse adds some small overtone to the central motif of the room, summed up in the most prominent verse: "The light was shining in the darkness and the darkness has never put it out." Here is the affirmation of hope and future expectation so strongly present in the rest of Expo, modestly stated but somehow enormously more significant because of the realism of the two preceeding rooms. But that is not all. On the way out through a white walled corridor you pass three unlabeled photographs, each depicting in its own way the present agony of the people of Vietnam. No captions are necessary.

As I emerged into the sunlight and the cold wind that sweeps across the St. Lawrence and began to sort out the powerful feelings that had gripped me in the pavilion it suddenly struck me that I had experienced the classical sequence which liturgists include in Christian worship: praise and adoration; penitence; affirmation of faith; resolution and dedication. Somehow God had been made present in, with and under the secular elements of life. Through the joyous celebration of the flesh and the ironic questioning of today's solemn technological chiliasm, through a modest statement of hope and a clear call to responsibility for the suffering, the pavilion had done something for me that few worship services have ever done.

Walking away I asked myself how worship will evolve in the next decades and centuries? On the one side I am sure we will have smaller more intimate gatherings around the cup and the loaf. But in a future of post-typographical men, cut loose from the power of the ancient rituals but still able to sense the presence of the divine in the secular city, attuned to multi-medium happenings and hyper-visuality, perhaps the Christian Pavilion provides an advanced model of what one form of worship will be. If so, we certainly won't need either threats of hell to get us there or watchful ushers to keep us awake in our pews.

This pavilion boldly embraces work, boredom, sex, death, war and human frivolity. It gives us a sense of hope and responsibility. I congratulate the people who put it together. They must already be getting plenty of flak from enraged standpatters of all denominations. Some devout visitors will miss the sanctimonious atmosphere religious pavilions are supposed to exude. Others will feel it doesn't say enough about what the church is doing in the world of minirails and geodectic domes. But the strength of the pavilion is precisely that it avoids the pious and the ecclesiastical.

Gerhard Ebeling once said that in order to talk in a worldly way about God, we must learn to talk in a godly way about the world. This is just what the Christian pavilion has done. If it doesn't get to you during your visit to Expo 67, then you may be more secular than I, but I doubt it. More probably you are suffering from an obsolescent understanding of what the Gospel is and an overly cautious notion of how the man of today can still be touched by it. In any case when you go to Expo 67 don't

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get so wrapped up by Habitat 67, the hovercrafts and La Ronde that you miss this modest little pavilion. Somehow it puts the rest of Expo 67 in perspective, which is, I guess, what a Christian pavilion is supposed to do anyway.

HARVEY COX

No Divorce, Italian Style

Ever since the end of the war, meetings in favor of the introduction of divorce have been held in the bigger Italian cities. Italian legislation ignores divorce; due to the Concordat of 1929, civil laws reflect canon law on the subject. Only separation is admitted, and remarriage is restricted to the few cases foreseen by the Church, i.e. when the marriage can be considered as invalid from the beginning. In Europe only Spain and Ireland likewise ignore divorce, and in all these three cases the reason boils down to the opposition of the Church.

Strangely enough, these meetings in favor of divorce have never attracted a great number of Italians despite the effective arguments, including pathetic examples of irregular family situations arising out of the present legislation, made by very able politicians, lawyers, and other intellectuals. Italian public opinion at large does not seem to be concerned with the problem. It ranges from clear hostility or complete indifference to vague concern for the pathetic cases, "the outlaws of marriage," as the left-wing press calls them. Throughout the violent election campaigns since the end of the war, divorce has never been a major issue.

The psychological moment to introduce divorce would have been the period immediately following the war. But even then, when so many marriages were wrecked by the events of war and a new era seemed to have begun, the attempts by the moderate left to have the Concordat altered were stopped by the Communists, who were anxious to avoid further divisions in the country. The Communists voted to introduce the pre-war Concordat into the Constitution of the new Italy, and with the Concordat they voted for indissolubility of marriage. This was not thoughtlessness, but a tactical move: Italian women had obtained the right to vote for the first time and the majority of them would never have voted against the Church. Many moderate leftists in Italy have never pardoned the Communists for this "treason."

The present situation is rather odd. With the government composed of Christian Democrats, Socialists, and a few smaller moderately leftist parties, a Socialist member of Parliament, Loris Fortuna, has proposed the introduction of the so-called "small divorce" or divorce only in particularly heartrending cases, like condemnation of one spouse for grave crimes; mental illness; mixed marriages between Italians and foreigners (in order to avoid "unilateral divorces"); and/or an effective separation of more than five years. Backed by practically all parties, except the Christian Democrats and the small and unimportant Neo-Fascist group, the proposal has neither passed nor so far been "outmaneuvered," as the pro-divorce politicians like to put it.

Some observers compare the proposal to a time bomb ticking within the Italian government. The Christian Democrats will never give up their opposition to it while, on the other hand, the Communists have started a campaign toward exploding the bomb as soon as possible. Obviously hoping to be forgiven for their past "treason," they are proposing another form of divorce slightly bolder than the socialist brand, a divorce granted after five years of effective separation between husband and wife. This puts the Socialists on the ideological spot. Already accused by the Communists of making too great concessions to the Christian Democrats in order to remain within the government, or, as the Socialist leader Pietro Nenni puts it, "inside the room where the buttons are," the Socialists cannot easily pay mere lip service to divorce. The Communists are raising the question into a matter of principle, on which the Socialists have to take sides. This could lead to the fall of the government and a long crisis.

Meanwhile, the debate grows heated in the press, gradually provoking a certain public interest. Technically and tactically, the pro-divorce debaters are clearly superior. They are most respectful towards the Church and show the greatest understanding for its opposition to divorce. The Church has to fight this losing battle, they say, as it has fought bravely in all Catholic countries where divorce has been introduced, but where it nonetheless later entertains cordial relations with the governments which have introduced divorce. The indissolubility of marriage, they add, was really introduced only in 1563 during the Council of Trent and not unanimously, for 97 Fathers were against it at the time. They quote the voices at Vatican II who favored moderation in these matters. Is not the indissolubility of marriage one of those innovations of the Counter-Reformation, which the last Council recognized as responsible for so many evils? Finally, both Saint Augustine and Saint Ambrose are quoted, with great respect.

These debaters are less convincing when they try to prove with facts and figures that Italy really needs divorce. How many "outlaws of marriage" exist in the country? Naturally no statistics are available. The only certain figure is the number of legal separations per year, roughly 5,000 in a population of more than fifty million. This makes 100,000 during the twenty years these separations may have an actual effect on the couples concerned. But everybody knows that only a fraction of the separated couples are legally separated. The real number is much greater, but how much greater nobody knows.

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600,000 couples has been suggested as probable. It does not seem to be far from reality; since the end of the war more than 400,000 Italian women—the so-called "white widows"—have been abandoned by husbands who emigrated to other countries and formed new families there. Many of these separated couples within or outside Italy, have formed new family units which cannot be legalized. Quite a number have children in both, and it seems fair to assume that two or three million Italians are in an irregular family situation in one way or another, be they parents or children.

It is an impressive number. But the question which arises is this: are they really in a worse situation than the "victims of divorce," in the countries where divorce is admitted? And are they more numerous? Nobody knows since suffering cannot be measured and reliable figures are lacking on both sides. It is a fact, however, that in countries where divorce exists the number of marriages which end up in divorce seems to stabilize in a proportion somewhere between one out of four and one out of ten. The last figure seems to be normal for a Latin Catholic country like France and would probably be the same for Italy. This is roughly the present proportion of the "outlaws of marriage." Would they only change names and be the "victims of divorce" instead?

This is the strongest argument on the Christian Democratic side. The present evil, they argue, is the lesser. Some of them even admit that the two evils may be equal. So why change? And many of the uninterested Italians at large are ready to approve when they read in the newspapers what happens to divorced people and particularly to their children, be they famous actors and actresses or not, in northern Europe and in the U.S. Are they really better off than the Italian "outlaws of marriage"? Is divorce really the miraculous cure against unhappy marriages its Italian supporters claim?

Then something else comes into the picture, which has nothing to do with religion and moral principles, but which is typically Italian or Latin for that matter and which may help explain the ambiguous, unenthusiastic attitude of so many Italians toward divorce. The point is illustrated in a very funny Italian film, acted and directed by the comic actor Alberto Sordi. Its title is precisely: "Are You in Favor of Divorce or Not?" Sordi plays a wealthy Roman businessman who is absolutely against divorce, heckling and booing its supporters during a pro-divorce meeting. He is in favor of "the sanctity of family life" instead. Then his private life is unveiled. He lives separated from his wife, but adores her and his children nonetheless. At the same time he has a different girlfriend for every day of the week. Some of them are foreigners and hope to marry him one day. He loves them all with an equal ardor and takes a rest only on Sundays, the day of the Lord. To his foreign girl friends he explains that the silly Italian laws prevent him from marrying them, but in reality he is quite satisfied with his muddled situation, the "silly Italian law" protecting him from further complications. He really loves his wife in spite of everything, and she too does not seem to be upset by the law in question. If it does not prevent her husband from betraying her, at least it protects her from her young rivals, none of whom will ever be able to throw her and her children out of their rich and cosy home . . .

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

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EXORCISING THE DEFICIT DEMON

Our Rube Goldberg Tax System

During the hearings early this year before the Joint Economic Committee on the President's Economic Report, I kept raising this point: "The economic philosophy of the Administration for some years has been based upon the so-called full employment fiscal dividend theory. The Administration said, in effect, 'Bear with us, gentlemen, while we run deficits for a few years because, when we get to full employment, so carefully have we calibrated economic policy that we will have a nice fiscal dividend.' We now have, in the words of the Council of Economic Advisers, 'essentially full employment.' We also have, in this first half of 1967, a $5 billion deficit on the national income accounts basis. Why is the scenario not unfolding as planned? Has our income-price-profit pattern got out of whack? This is what Karl Marx always used to say about capitalism, and I am anxious to prove him wrong. Isn't the best way to prove him wrong to make sure that we have enough purchasing power and investment in the economy to take off the market the product that we can produce?"

I failed to get a definite answer to my question during the hearings and, regrettably, I have none myself. But here is my guess why the economy seems to need constant stimulus from federal deficits, even with the CEA's "essentially full employment": our loophole-filled tax system is at fault.

I first ask: have the before-tax shares in the national income of the income groups in our society—poorest, poor, middle, better-off, wealthiest—altered appreciably in the last 20 years? I cannot find that they have. Taking the years 1947, 1954, 1960 and 1965 (the most recent for which we have data), the lowest and second lowest fifths of our families received 5 percent and 12 percent of the total family income in all four periods; the middle

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fifth received 17 percent in 1947, and 18 percent in the other three periods; the fourth fifth received 23 percent in 1947 and 1960, and 24 percent in 1954 and 1965; and the upper fifth received 43 percent in 1947, 42 percent in 1954, 42 percent in 1960, and 41 percent in 1965. Before taxes, then, the shares of the national pie reveal about the same proportions for the rich and poor in 1965 as in 1947.

So far so good—or so bad for someone who, like myself, has a hunch that things are not so rosy as they seem. But two additional questions need to be asked: (1) have things happened since 1965 which may have altered this stable pattern; and (2) what about *after-tax* incomes?

Two things *have* happened since 1965. From December, 1965, to December, 1966, the cost of living went up 3.3 percent (the sharpest increase in the last 15 years except for the 3.5 percent increase for a twelve-month period in 1956-57). While we lack definitive data on just how much this inflation has diminished real consumer income, it has undoubtedly had some effect in skewing real income away from the poor and toward the not-so-poor. Particularly this seems to be true of factory workers. Manufacturing workers' real spendable earnings actually declined in 1966, the first time they have done so since 1960. Meanwhile, the after-tax profit margins of manufacturing corporations in 1965 and 1966 were the highest since 1950.

A second post-1965 development has been the rapid increase in interest rates, only recently checked, caused by the stringent monetary policies of the Federal Reserve system. While the effect of higher interest rates on income distribution has also been most inadequately researched, my guess is that people who pay the interest on home mortgages, on automobile and other consumer installment paper, and on personal loans, tend to be a shade poorer than the people who receive interest. If so, this could be a further case of recent skewed income distribution.

But the primary cause of income maldistribution—the thing that may be ruining the dream of the full employment surplus—is our tax system. Fifteen years ago we had all the classical tax loopholes—the oil and mineral depletion allowance, the escaping of capital gains tax if the taxpayer will have the wit to hold his appreciated securities until he dies, the beginnings of the abuse of the income tax-free state and local bonds issued for private industrial plant purposes, the ability of a wealthy taxpayer to buy U.S. bonds at 85 and have his estate turn them in a few weeks later at 100, and so on. After 15 years, these loopholes, plus some new ones, still remain.

Perhaps more important, general federal tax reduction in the last 15 years (with rare exceptions) has been overwhelmingly weighted in favor of the higher-bracket taxpayer, who saves a large part of his income, and against the lower-bracket taxpayer, who tends to spend what he gets. The tax revisions and depreciation reductions of 1954, the accelerated depreciation and investment tax credit of 1962, and the tax revisions and reductions of 1964, all tended to promote higher savings more vigorously than they did higher consumption. Moreover, the successive increases in the social security payroll tax took large bites out of lower-income people who would otherwise have been spending that money. And meanwhile, regressive state and local real property and sales taxes were hitting harder the very same pocketbooks. Only the excise tax decreases of 1965, and the provision of the 1964 Act dividing the first $2000 income tax bracket into four steps with much lower rates, did much to promote consumption.

Nobody knows what a real tax reform, with emphasis on loophole-plugging as well as on more equity for the low and middle income groups, could mean. But I have a hunch that the private economy—consumers with money in their pockets and investors anxious to build plants and equipment in order to take advantage of that market—would stand a much better chance of making the full employment surplus dream come true with such a redistribution of after-tax income.

If my hunch is correct, our tax system is encouraging individuals and businesses to try to divert a larger proportion of the total income stream into savings than they are willing to put to work in productive private investment. The result is that consumption plus investment does not take up the whole income stream, leaving excess savings that flow abroad or into speculation in the stock market or in real estate. Then the economy can stay at high level only as long as government (federal, state and local combined) runs a deficit large enough to offset excess private savings. When government does not do this, the excess of planned savings over desired investment leads to a decline in private activity, with its hardships in the form of idle men and idle machines.

The original scenario of the full employment surplus rested on the implicit assumption that we would get to full employment with a correct balance among consumption, savings and investment. Shouldn't we return to that scenario by reforming the tax structure, so that the private economy can generate a balance among consumption, savings and investment, and hence the growth of income that will produce the very budget surplus we were originally promised?

It may not take very much. It could be that the billions which now leak through the joints of our Rube Goldberg tax system could be surprisingly like the $5 billion budget deficit the Government currently is running. Recovering some of those billions for the Federal Treasury from those who neither consume nor invest could make possible easier money, since the Federal Reserve would no longer have to fight the deficit demon. And easier money would encourage the economic growth that a balanced economy needs.

HENRY S. REUSS

(Henry S. Reuss, a previous contributor to these pages, is Congressman from the 5th District, Wisconsin.)

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

THE POPE'S WORST ENEMY

When Pope Paul recently acknowledged that his own position of primacy and authority was probably "the most grave obstacle" to Christian unity, he was only being realistic. There is no doubt he is correct; his role and the sheer historical fact of centuries of separation are key factors in keeping Christians apart.

Speaking to members of the Secretariat for Christian Unity, the Pope urged them to make with "calm words of sincerity and meekness" the "apology" for his role that he finds it hard to express himself. He reiterated his approval of ecumenical contacts with other Christians, but he cautioned that the ecumenical road is a difficult one, strewn with "bitter memories," "questions of prestige," "subtle polemics."

"What shall we say of the difficulty to which our separated brothers are always so sensitive, that which derives from the function which Christ has assigned us in the Church of God and which our tradition has sanctioned with so much authority? The Pope—we know it well—is without doubt the most grave obstacle on the road to ecumenism. Should we recall once again the titles that justify our mission? Should we once again try to present it in its exact terms as it really wishes to be—the indispensable principle of truth, of charity, of unity?"

That the issue raised by the Pope was of crucial importance to Protestants was immediately underlined by the Rev. Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, general secretary of the World Council of Churches. Visiting in the United States, Dr. Blake told the N.Y. *Times* that he agreed with Pope Paul that the authority of the papacy was "one of the very difficult problems of ecumenism." Catholics should put forward their views on papal primacy, Dr. Blake said, but he also urged that new approaches be developed for the entire discussion of authority in the Church. "The Pope very well understands," he said, "that unless this issue can be put in some kind of new framework rather than in the traditional arguments of the past, it will remain an obstacle to the ultimate unity to which he and the other ecumenists are committed."

All Christians, then, need to discuss the issue of the role of the Pope. And the Pope is surely right in asking that other Catholics present the formal arguments on behalf of the papacy which he feels inhibited from making. With that said, though, it seems to me there are further problems.

It is a commonplace to say that Paul suffers from following John XXIII, just as LBJ is perpetually in the shadow of JFK. Yet it is a commonplace whose effects continue to grow rather than diminish. John was always "good Pope John"—he was pastor to the world. We cannot expect Pope Paul to match John's style or equal his stature. But even granting this fact, he seems to be making things unnecessarily hard on himself—including a trip to Fatima at this late date in history.

It was typical of Pope Paul that in this same talk he warned against those "exceeding the limits marked by theological reality and by established rule." Such cautions are sometimes necessary, of course, and it can be argued that giving them is part of the papal function. But doesn't Paul overdo the cautionary role at times? No doubt it is an exaggeration to say he seems to do little except warn us to go slow, but it is an exaggeration he has brought on himself.

Catholics can stress the theoretical role of the papacy in preserving the unity of the Church, but in this matter practice may count for more than theory. The Pope, I fear, underestimates the urgency with which the rest of the Christian world watches the progress of reform inside the Church. From this distance, it sometimes seems that renewal will remain bogged down until the Pope acts more vigorously and until X number of Curia officials and local bishops retire (and when will this happen if the Pope rejects the resignation offers of aging hierarchs even when they are submitted?). Patience is fine, but it is time the views of the rest of the world received some of the sympathetic understanding now accorded to tradition-bound Curia officials and old-in-the-service bishops.

This is not to say that Pope Paul has done no good things. On the contrary, he has taken many admirable steps. There is, for example, his consistent concern over Vietnam. Furthermore, the Pope did create a Lay Council and a Synod of Bishops, both of which will soon take their first faltering steps. The Synod in particular will demonstrate whether collegiality will really mean something, and I would argue that this in turn will tell other Christians more about the papacy than a hundred papal sermons. Nonetheless, Pope Paul has undone much of the effect of such constructive actions by his failure to move on other pressing questions and by his constant nay-saying, his constant worry lest someone, somewhere, somehow "go too far."

On this score I think Paul is making a serious mistake. If the rest of us should always do our best to explain the role of the papacy, the actual attitudes and actions of the current occupant of the Chair of Peter are obviously of immeasurably more influence. There are dangers in freedom, heaven knows, but Pope John's openness did more than any cautions could to elevate the papacy in the eyes of the world, Catholic and non-Catholic, Christian and non-Christian. This is a lesson I think Pope Paul would be wise to learn, and soon.

JAMES O'GARA

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THE HOLY WORK OF BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Human style and social justice

WILLIAM RYAN

Prescriptions for achieving social justice are never in short supply. We have tried many remedies in the past and more are offered every day: a negative income tax, family allowances, Black Power, social cost accounting, a Freedom Budget—the choices seem endless. Each offers blameless ends and plausible means; yet, one cannot suppress a small chill of skepticism. So many equally plausible ideas have led to failure in the past. Do the new ideas share with the old some undetected flaw?

One generalized possibility is that solutions don't fit problems. Or, more specifically, they fit problems, but don't fit the people who have the problems. In thinking about human problems, we too often leap at the noun and ignore the adjective, assuming falsely that the meaning of humanness is a self-evident constant in every equation. In truth, when the lives and suffering of real people are at stake, we are obliged to consider very thoughtfully the extent to which programs for social change are, in fact, consonant with the central qualities of the human condition.

God knows we need all the instruction we can get in what it means to be a human being, particularly in these inhuman times. An unexpected source of just such instruction has recently become available in Bruno Bettelheim's new book, *The Empty Fortress* (Free Press, $9.95). This is primarily, an exposition of the treatment of autistic children and, at this professional level, it is a brilliant piece of work. But, it is far more than a psychiatric monograph; it is at the same time a kind of textbook on the subject of humanness that everyone can read with great profit.

Professional journals will trumpet this book's great contribution to psychiatric thought. What I would attempt, rather, is to show how Bettelheim's concept of becoming human illuminates many questions of social justice. It may seem strange to seek guidance for social policy in the pages of a technical book on autistic children; almost certainly Bettelheim had no such object in mind. Still, the lessons stand there, ready to be learned. Perhaps one of the most awesome qualities of genius is that the illumination it focuses on one place is so great that it diffuses unexpected light elsewhere.

Bettelheim teaches his lessons primarily through unselfconscious description of the work that he and his staff do, the patient, seemingly endless efforts to entice autistic children out of the empty fortress of autism and into the human condition of action in the world. In careful and open description of this work, and of the thought accompanying it, there is revealed to us the humanity of this remarkable man and of the remarkable men and women who work beside him. It is work that can, perhaps, in the pages of this magazine, be safely termed holy. (One might hesitate to use the word among professional colleagues.) We perceive, first, that to be human is to be what Bettelheim and his staff are, and, second, we comprehend it by coming to understand the goals toward which they move with the tormented children in their charge.

But in addition to the material on practice, Bettelheim also gives us theory, in an important reworking of the classical psychoanalytic formulation of infantile development. The style is so modest that a reader may not be immediately aware of the significance of this theoretical contribution, which maintains convincingly that the essence of being human is to act on one's own behalf.

In this theoretical passage; in the moving descriptions of what happens to three autistic children, Laurie, Marcia,

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and Joey; in discussions of such apparently distant topics as the destruction of humanity in Nazi concentration camps and the persistent myth of feral children, supposedly raised by wolves or other animals; and in a review and reformulation of current theories regarding infantile autism, Bettelheim presents us with a complex interpretation of the experience of being human that provides a new set of insights to everyone interested in the human condition. It is a book of great wisdom.

Being Human

If Bettelheim is correct—and I am persuaded that he is—the essence of being human is to act on one's own behalf in a context of mutuality, based on an accurate sense of causality. The key words are "action," "mutuality," and "causality." The significant departure from classical psychoanalytic theory is in the perception of the early stages of infancy as being much more than passive orality:

"Contrary to such views I believe that in his nursing, for example, the infant is eminently active in what is to him a central event of his life. At such times he may not feel he is moving mountains, but as if he were sucking them dry. To regard such an experience as anaciltic, as utterly passive, contradicts the infant's experience. Because to him it is not his real dependence that counts, but the conviction that his efforts are monumental."

Thus he points out that having one's needs gratified, though a necessary, is not a sufficient, precondition for achieving humanity. Moreover, one must act in relation to others; action must be taken in a context of mutuality. He draws an analogy to Harlow's monkeys, "raised" by wire and terrycloth "mothers". Although their needs for food and clinging were sated, they were never able to achieve full monkeyhood, so to speak, because, "activity without response can be fatal."

"Thus, the child's active grasping for mutuality will not do, if the reaching out is not met by a parallel enjoyment in the mother at being clung to; if the result is not a process of mutual interaction."

In addition to action and mutuality, Bettelheim emphasizes the importance of a sense of causality: ". . . our ability to extract, from contiguity in time and space, a sense of causality took us into the human adventure. What made us what we are was not simply that we recognized causal relations, but what followed from it: the conviction that a sequence of events can be changed through our influence."

We are thus taught about the task of the apprentice human being in the nursery: He must act in a way that affects the world about him, learn there is a self and non-self, and that he can influence the non-self in an understandable cause-and-effect manner, and thereby develop gratifying patterns of interaction between the experienced "I" and the "you."

Within this framework, we can better understand Bettelheim's statement of the essence of his treatment method: ". . . neither those actions (the therapist's) nor the satisfaction of instinctual needs . . . sparked the return of these children to life. They came to life only when we were able to create the conditions, or otherwise be the catalysts, that induced them to take action on their own behalf."

We are then prepared to understand why it is so significant when Laurie decides to do such a simple thing as picking up a cookie by herself and eating it. We can share the paradoxical joy of the counselor whose finger Laurie bites one day. We are excited by the simple adventure of Marcia learning to play ball and inventing a chasing game, and horrified by the uncanny inhumanity of Joey the mechanical boy, who must lay down an imaginary wire to connect himself with a source of power and who hangs a cardboard carburetor on his headboard that breathes for him during the dangerous night. No novelist could carry us so movingly through the suspense of Joey's gradual achievement of his own humanity, of his becoming, over weeks and months and years, a boy rather than a machine, a boy who lives and moves without the assistance of wires or tubes or gears.

Such a rich book cannot be simplified or condensed, of course. And yet, if a reader were to remember only "action," "mutuality," and "causality" as his associations to *The Empty Fortress*: if he were to forget the tragedy of Laurie, the warming growth of Marcia, and the eerie mechanics of Joey; if he neglected the technical discussions and the review of the literature; even if the sense of Bettelheim's own humanity faded away, that reader would be greatly enriched and equipped for better understanding of human problems.

The book itself contains one example of the intercon-

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ROBERT BEUM

MAY SONG

Again, for forty or sixty hours,
for the middle of the week, no more,
forsythia shines on lilacs,
the sun grows out of the earth—
from the dark earth, a beam of gold petals
on musky purple Persephone,
our own lost heady spiring sweetness
in the light of the branching sun.

Again, once more if never again,
in the bare or burning places,
in the sidereal fury
of no direction's darkness and blaze
endless and endlessly undesigned,
the usual street a delicate vase,
the brightness of our delicate design
by flowers opened, we open and open.

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nections between the lessons of autism and other human problems in its discussion of the effects of Nazi concentration camps on their victims. Bettelheim calls this type of human experience an "extreme situation." It is characterized by its inescapability, its unpredictability, and its condition of absolute powerlessness to ward off the most terrifying of dangers. He describes how this combination of circumstances—which represents the very antithesis of the requirements for being human that have been previously outlined—had the effect of utterly dehumanizing and destroying the personalities of most of the prisoners. Those who survived this dehumanizing experience were able to do so by continuing to behave as human beings:

"Those, on the other hand, who remained convinced they could act in their own behalf and who did act, remained free, in the main, of severest pathology, though the actual dangers were no different for them. It hardly mattered how insignificant the advantage one gained for oneself or for others through one's own action . . . it did not matter as long as one could rightly feel that by taking action one had ever so little improved one's estate."

This, very briefly, is a summary of Bettelheim's concept of what it means to be human. Now I will try to suggest how this view of mankind can both illuminate some of the vexing problems of our times and guide our efforts to solve these problems.

Why cannot slum schools educate? Why does civil rights legislation fail to bring about change? Why are so many of our young people mechanized by, or alienated from, some of our major social institutions? The answers to these—and to an almost endless series of similar questions—may be the same: we have failed to understand the nature of humanness and to provide for its nurturance; we have restricted people's ability to act on their own behalf, in mutuality, with a sense of causality.

Consider the issue of miseducation in the slum schools of our big cities. The main difficulty is that the children (and their parents as well) cannot affect the schools, cannot influence the administrators, principals, and teachers.

Forty real children sit in a classroom listening to a teacher who is talking, not to them, but to imaginary creatures she carries in her own mind, imaginary creatures with such qualities as to be essentially uneducable. It is to these phantoms she is responding most of the time, not the children in front of her, much to the children's distress. The initiative of the real children is mistaken for aggression, their spontaneity is met by unexpected condemnation, often their very existence seems to call forth disapproval and revulsion. Sooner or later—usually by the third or fourth grade—many of them begin to retreat into a fortress of their own, convinced that they are powerless, that no action of theirs can make any real difference in what goes on in this alien institution. They are anesthetized for the duration and leave school (it matters little whether as graduates or dropouts) with only a fraction of their learning capacity realized.

Moving to the sphere of higher education, we find that, as Bettelheim's Joey acted out his psychotic metaphor of the mechanical boy, students in large universities have likened themselves to IBM cards, to be processed and sorted and punched full of information. Many of them abdicate their humanity and permit themselves to be transformed into a product, a new part of society's machine, well-tooled, shiny, fully interchangeable, equally prepared to calculate the profit on a giant box of soap or the loss from a miniaturized H-bomb. Others, like the survivors of the camps, continue to assert their humanity by making tiny dents in the institution. More and more seem to be turning away and seeking their humanity elsewhere.

Or consider the virtually complete failure of civil rights legislation. There are mountains of paper that guarantee equality in America, but they have created little more than a few wrinkles in the fabric of society. Law or no law, segregation and inequality grow unchecked. What goes wrong?

Observation reveals the obvious answer: the laws are enforced not at all or only minimally; administrators are more concerned about the feelings or the political power of the discriminator than they are about the rights of the victims; and only a minority of grievances lead to justice. The aggrieved Negro citizen who does complain is met with a bewildering experience. He is subtly persuaded that, in some mysterious manner, it is he, not the dis-

JOSEPH P. CLANCY

A POEM FOR PATRICIA

The dead of year and night.
Over the starved earth snow
Whipped and smoked as the air
Knocked and shrilled at our windows.
And you, the sixth one, came
To the world's unwelcome.

The others were summer's children,
Kissed by warm air, cradled
In openhanded light.
The lying season was kind.
But winter's fist, dear one,
Promises nothing.

Suffer the coldest truth
Gladly, today and all days
Until their icelocked end.
But when eyeopening April
Proffers her incredible
Promise, child, believe it.
Hers is the deeper truth.

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criminator, who is judged as wrong, or at least in bad taste; that he must still content himself with apologies and good intentions in lieu of jobs and homes.

Naturally, under such circumstances, the victims stay away; they refuse to be caught in a process that leads most commonly to frustration and humiliation and occasionally to dangerous retaliation. Administrators of the law become guilty and hostile, speak knowingly of the apathy and disinterest of the "minority mind" and the whole process dwindles away into individual adventures in discrimination that can be rated, as Duncan Hines rates restaurants, in terms of drama, nobility of character, and self-congratulatory potential. No social change results.

To understand clearly what the minimum requirements are for becoming and, more important, for remaining a full human being, that is, to learn Bettelheim's lessons, provides insight into the parallel requirements for any mechanism for social betterment. If we are to abolish poverty, eliminate inequality, and do all the other nice things we talk about, we've got to recognize that neither increased resources nor specific mechanisms are sufficient, although they are clearly necessary. It's not enough just to put our money where our mouth is. The Freedom Budget, complete and uncut, will not achieve its goals if it is only a Freedom Budget. The crucial element remains style: it's not what you do, it's the way that you do it. It has to be done in a human style.

The issue of style can be reflected in slogans. "Participatory Democracy" and similar phrases catch the essence of what is necessary. If they are to achieve their full measure of humanity, the dispossessed must be able to act effectively in their own behalf. Nothing less will do. Kenneth Clark and his staff, in producing the HARYOU planning report, "Youth in the Ghetto," subtitled it "The Consequences of Powerlessness." The tangle of pathology and despair that accompanies ghetto poverty is a consequence of powerlessness. And there is no cure for powerlessness but power. To quote Bettelheim once more: "I believe it to be a distinctly human experience to feel with conviction: *I did it and my doing made a difference.*"

The opposing style is that of the social engineers, who, in the past decades, have built so many vessels of social reform, each of which has quickly become waterlogged and sunk soon after launching. They are returning once more from their drafting boards with a new mechanism, social cost accounting. They paint an exciting picture of a giant computer down in Washington—different from all other computers in that it is tended by men of compassion, dedicated to social change and the good life for all. The computer will keep track of social costs (damage to the urban life that results from freeways, the damage to the family unit that results from unemployment); calculate social indices (perhaps marital separations, sagging porches on city tenements, failures on the Scholastic Aptitude Tests); and draw conclusions about necessary increases or decreases in the input of social resources and the desirability of proposed federal programs. A Council of Social Advisors would regulate the Great Society the way a Council of Economic Advisors regulates the Great Economy.

It is a fascinating prospect and the central notion of social accounting and, more important, social accountability, is extremely important. But centralized social cost accounting, as it is being currently described, leaves out the vital element: human beings acting in their own behalf.

The basic question in any discussion of social cost accounting is "Accounting to whom?" Any answer less than, "to the people, to the proposed beneficiaries" is inadequate. A *decentralized* system of social cost accounting, with the balance sheets resting in the hands of local participants, who will decide the crucial questions about change, increment, decrement, and *style*, could be human. It could provide all the requirements for achieving and maintaining a high level of humanity—action, mutuality, and causality. The implications in terms of mechanisms become obvious: local district school boards, for example, with a very large degree of autonomy in decision making; local housing and renewal planning boards that make the decisions in place of the politicians and the professionals; smaller units within universities with student governments that participate in decisions about curriculum and professors rather than basketball schedules and decorations for the dance.

Again, it should be emphasized that this point of view provides no rationalization whatsoever for a reduction in resources. A Freedom Budget is absolutely necessary. But the method of allocation is what will determine success or failure. The results of a program can be no more human than the style with which it is carried out.

Bettelheim's lessons are useful for anyone concerned with humanity; they are absolutely essential for all concerned about the present crisis of poverty and inequality in America. There is real danger that continued failure and frustration will lead the majorities to throw up their hands in what seems to them righteous exasperation and the minorities to give up hope. If this happens, no one will be human.

We still have the opportunity to reverse the process of destruction and dehumanization. But, to do so, we must study what it is to be human.

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SIMPLE CHILD, DOUBTING PARENT

DANIEL CALLAHAN

Everyone says it is not easy to be a parent today, and I guess that's so. The generational gap between parents and children, we are told, is unprecedented; those over 30 are just out of it. The power of the peer group, so it is said, is phenomenal; children now have their own culture, with its own language, norms and mores. The only real competitor with the peer group, the evidence suggests, is the broader culture of a technologized, bureaucratized society, communicated through the powerful agencies of advertising, the schools, television and radio. Well over a decade ago, Robert Nisbet pointed out in *The Quest for Community* that "The family is a major problem in our culture simply because we are attempting to make it perform psychological and symbolic functions with a structure that has become fragile and an institutional importance that is almost totally unrelated to the economic and political realities of our society." One could probably think of a few arguments to counter Nisbet's conclusion, but only a few. No realistic parents today could fail to note how many competitors there are for their children's attention, loyalty and mind.

Church authorities get frantic on this last point, firing off one salvo after another at parents about how crucial it is to create solid, Godly, Christian homes, full of parent-child love and loyalty to the faith: "the family that prays together . . . " Parents are supposed to instruct their children in Christian truth, give good example, foster piety, and teach them proper values. Of course most parents know it is not that easy. Even those willing to follow the formula find a dozen obstacles standing in the way, most notably the fact that theirs is inescapably only one of many influences in their childrens' lives; you just can't do much with children who (quite legitimately) aren't in the house most of the day.

Yet worries of this kind are by now well known. They are common to all parents, Christian or not, who want to provide their children with a set of values, a way of going at life, or a perspective on the world. The Jewish parent has to find ways of preserving in his child a Jewish sensitivity in the face of a heavily Christian society. The agnostic parent has to keep at bay a society which equates religious belief with the good life. And I suppose many Protestant parents in heavily Catholic areas have to be careful that their children aren't seduced into thinking the Pilgrims arrived on these shores thanking the Virgin for their safe journey. This is the price to be paid for living in a pluralistic society, and most parents just muddle through as best they can.

But there is now a new problem among many Catholic parents, one which might elicit a wry smile of sympathy among a good many Protestant and Jewish parents who in their own ways have been through it before. That is the problem of trying to communicate a set of religious values which, in the minds of the parents, are no longer fixed and certain at all. When the Pope, bishops and pastors exhort parents to nurture their children's faith, the model of faith they seem to have in mind is simple and uncluttered, full of timeless truths and indubitable principles of faith and morals.

It was a nice model, while it lasted. It just doesn't happen to be the kind of model most educated Catholic parents can give much credence to any more. Even if they only read the daily newspaper, they will know that, whatever the Pope might say, the Church is confused on birth control, celibacy, authority, mariology, the nature of the Church, the meaning of the priesthood . . . If they read the more advanced journals (you know, like *Nouvelle Revue Théologique, Biblische Zeitschrift* and *Commonweal*), they will also know that there is much nervousness about whether God is a "person," about "the empty tomb," about hell, Jesus' self-knowledge, papal infallibility . . .

Flat, Literal Questions

All of these confusions are obviously difficult for mature Catholics to bear in the privacy of their own minds. But unless they decide to give up altogether, by either leaving the Church or blindly holding on to the old certainties, most adults find a way of coming to terms with the darkness. They keep reading books and magazines, trying gamely to master the latest twists and turns of contemporary theology, join esoteric discussion groups which thrive on religious turmoil, find other adult friends to commiserate with, or just hold their breath, hoping things will clear up sooner or later. They patiently hang on, now elated, now depressed, but still hanging on.

If they had to live out their lives only among other confused adults, they could probably tolerate this state of suspension indefinitely. For those with an intellectual turn of mind there is even a certain pleasure in not being able to solve problems; one can play with them forever, like an endless series of good chess games, each with a

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solution more interesting than the last, but not nearly so interesting as those to come in later games—Dr. Strangelove: or how I learned to stop worrying and love the dark night of the soul.

The game ends abruptly when one has to talk with children and answer their questions. They ask flat, literal, unpleasant questions, the type which sophisticated adult Catholics have learned how to squirm around, to put off facing, or to answer in terms of an evasive theological jargon. Hell: Yes or No? Purgatory: does it exist or doesn't it? God is perfect, omniscient, omnipotent: true or false? If God is everywhere, is he in my stomach? If God loves us, why does he let children get killed by cars? They are not original questions: They are old and basic, the kind which cut directly to the heart of Christian belief. Worse still, they can cut to the heart of a parents' belief, making them feel utterly naked when they are forced—by a simple mind wanting a simple answer—to testifiy to their belief in direct, unevasive language.

Naturally, even the traditional answers weren't really all that simple, but that didn't much matter. The parents' assigned task was to give the child the standard answer, whether the child understood it or not, whether the parent understood it or not. The Church said that was the answer, and what Catholic would dare say otherwise, especially to a child?

Fewer and fewer parents today are willing to be so unthinkingly, piously passive. "Responsible parenthood" is not just sensible family planning. It also entails being responsible for what one says to one's living children, and most parents feel utterly dishonest and irresponsible giving children "answers" which the parents themselves find false or meaningless. No amount of sanction by authority or tradition for the "answer" can erase this sense of irresponsibility.

At this point, the parents' dilemma can become almost unbearably agonizing. They can't, on the one hand, repeat the old answers, which stick in their throats like a glob of sour peanut butter. But neither can they, on the other, readily bring themselves to lead a child through the spiritual swampland they themselves inhabit. The parents may find it possible to live there, mucking through, but they would like to give their children a more solid ground. Many just can't. They want to give their children a security they don't possess themselves. They want to give them a joyful faith, though their own is anything but joyful. And the whole agony of trying to work through this dilemma tends to lead the parent all the deeper into his own troubles, making him feel even more naked, dishonest and irresponsible.

Contrary to the comfortable assumption that teaching a child is one way for parents to deepen their own faith, it often works out just the opposite for a great number. They discover in the process how little they actually believe. When they find it hard enough, say, to persuade themselves to go to Mass on Sunday, it is just too much to have to concoct enthusiastic reasons with which to persuade their children to go. For some parents these are occasions of extreme resentment and inchoate anger. They are not sure whether their own remaining faith is authentic or fraudulent; anyway, they patiently go through the motions in hope of a future revival. But when they have to justify to a child what they are doing, and what they would have the child do, the sense of fraudulence sometimes becomes overpowering. They get mad at themselves and at the Church, both of which are somehow taken to be responsible for having got them into this pit in the first place. They want to say yes and no at the same time, a state of mind which can lead to free-swinging resentments in all directions.

Just how many parents today find themselves in a dilemma of this kind I don't know. I have run across enough, though, to think it fairly common, at least to some degree. Is there any way out? Is it possible for parents who are uncertain, themselves engaged in the most basic kind of searching, to communicate anything of substance to their children—and to do so with integrity? Naturally, much will depend here upon the extent of the uncertainty; the more total, the more difficult it will be. But for the sake of my own response, let me hypothesize a severe instance of parental doubt—parents who are not sure of whether they believe, what they believe or how they believe, parents for whom literally everything is in a state of flux.

The first thing I think important is that parents resist one classic response, that of hiding all their problems from their children, sealing their lips in their presence, and then shunting them off to someone else for religious instruction and edification, usually priests and nuns. One can understand why this might appear a reasonable compromise. The children will not be burdened with his par-

FRANCIS COLVIN

BICYCLE BOY

The morning sun along his arms gold-downed
Dries up the clover-mended lawns,
Glows down green aimless avenues
As, breezily blue by clouds of laundry lines
He wheels, unreeling roofs and chimneys, trees,
But keeping hardly anything he sees—
His route determined more by sense than signs.

Grenaded by black news he slammed their way
But did not read; immobilized,
Floured matrons by geraniums
Watch him so freely leave the hill of discontent;
They wait until his shirt, ballooned and white,
Can parachute him gently out of sight,
Safe for another summer: innocent.

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ents' problems, and the parents can also say to themselves that they have at least been willing to expose their children to a more integral kind of Catholic faith than they can provide.

However attractive this approach, it is logically and morally insupportable. It is illogical for parents to blindly subject their children to a kind of religious education and formation the very basis of which, in their own minds, is possibly false. It is immoral for them, on a matter so basic as religion, to hand their own responsibilities over to someone else, least of all to someone who may teach the child to believe precisely those things which the parents have come to disbelieve or doubt. Quite apart from morality and logic, it is also a course likely in the long run to ruin the children in two directions at once. As they grow older they will, unless they are utterly stupid, catch on to the parents' double-dealing. They may then grow up with fundamental doubts about their parents' integrity. At the same time, once they realize that their parents do not believe much of what their outside religious teachers have assured them is true, the authority of the teachers may well be undercut also. Then where will the child be?

I think it would be well for parents to keep in mind that they do their children no service by hiding from them the difficulties inherent in religious belief. Sooner or later the children will discover this for themselves, and the sooner the better. The temptation to provide children with false intellectual securities is almost overwhelming; we like to protect our children, and create for them a happy, orderly world. But that's not the way the world is, and if a child is to be led to maturity, he has got to see that. Many adult Catholics today feel resentful that *their* parents, and *their* teachers, and *their* nuns and priests taught them to believe things which now turn out to be altogether dubious. Whatever the pious intention of those who indoctrinated them, they still feel they were had, victimized by a Church which refused to look at reality. Parents now have a chance to do better by their children, sparing them the kind of confident, pollyanish religious education which they themselves received as children.

At any rate, I think many parents are unnecessarily anxious about giving their children intellectual and spiritual security. My own experience is that children, even very young ones, can stand considerable metaphysical uncertainty without being harmed at all. They do need the security of loving parents and a stable family life, but they can get along very well without knowing the final truth about God and man, or even whether there is a final truth about anything. Hence, however difficult it may be pedagogically, parents should try to introduce children very early to their own religious problems. They should be as frank as they can, not smashing a child's beliefs by overwhelming him with all of the objections to belief, but still letting the children know unmistakably that there are serious objections, and that the children should consider them so far as they can.

The aim, I think, should be children who will grow up able to appreciate religious problems and adept at living with them in some self-creative rather than self-destructive way. It is quite enough if parents convey to their children that religious problems are *important,* pointing out different options, and then leaving it to the child eventually to work out his own solutions. At the least, children should grow up able to make a free choice for or against belief. A child raised with no more to go on than his parents' resentments against belief will be as little able to make a free choice as a child brainwashed into thinking that belief is the only humanly viable choice.

Uncertain parents would also do well to recognize that the simple, utterly hard questions their children ask can be an occasion for their own development. If the questions force parents to see their own doubts in sharpened outline, that in itself is progress. If the questions force parents to return again and again to basic issues, the parents should be grateful—and start all over again, for their own sake as much as that of their children. Their adult friends will allow them to run away, or conspiratorially engage with them in mutual evasion. Their children are too innocent to go along with this kind of escapism; and that is a great asset, if only a parent can see it.

Children have a surprising capacity to see things as they are and to ask the right questions. One of the great

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HAROLD ISBELL

SUSAN

Black eyed Susan
came ten days
late in April.

While we waited
the streets were
buried in night

and fear grew
like white mold
on a basement wall.

Then a sudden
storm rattled against
the mountain.

In a minute
of silence she
drew breath.

I examined my daughter
and said her name.

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pleasures in talking to the present generation of high school and college students is that they point their finger straight at the nonsense and corruption in Church and society. They won't accept the usual excuses, the standard explanations and rationalizations. They have a splendid nose for fakery in all its forms. If parents want to pass on something to their children, they could do no better than to encourage their children to keep alive their desire for integrity. That can only be done if the parents keep alive their own integrity. An illusory Christianity concocted "for the sake of the children," is a lie. A parent who lies to his children for the sake of Christianity is still a liar. Children don't readily forgive parents who deceive them.

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ROBIN JOHNSON

OLD EAGLE

"That bird: carrion, is it? Or crow?"
My mother squinted the western sun away
As far off a huddled shape broke the pasture
Abrupt as a cleft breaks open the mountain slope.
"Old Eagle, that'll be Old Eagle,"
My father, naming as Adam all the world's
New forms for me, pointed beyond my daily eyes
Until I found my own far-sighted distancing.
Motionless we stood, first visitors
Across an unknown borderland, in truce, almost,
Each waiting for a sign. And then the stencil
Moved. The wings began to shudder upward,
Gradually unpleat themselves to oar
The quiet air, shrinking and stretching until
With a sudden shouldering downward lunge
The fierce shape lifted itself from earth
And I beheld the thrust of a marvelous bird.
"Watch for the glide!" My father gripped the sparrow
Arm of my mother. Wincing, so firm-caught within
His vise, her eyes closed and her lips refused
Any cry, choosing to lean as one with him.
Her gaze opened to his bird, pumping
Higher into heaven, beating furiously
Against the draw of unseen tethering lines.
I watched them as if in still-life awaiting that arc,
And the wings worked the sky away
Until a certain unmarked height, when,
As brief as a taut rope snapping,
My father's eagle fell full-swinging
Into grace. "*There* we are! Up *there*!"
I heard my father's creed, then saw his eyes
Were branded by the king bird's soar.
The glide of his bird began to move like music
Beyond thought. And though the mountain nested
Away his eagle, my father waited long
After the sky was bare before reversing
Us toward home, toward putting aside that day.

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AND BROKE HIS CROWN

THE SCREEN

I'm not sure that the younger generation will latch on to "A King's Story." Kids just don't care much about the problems of a middle-aged man, even one who gave up his throne to marry the woman he loved, although some youngsters may be drawn to this well-made documentary by the many shots of the handsome, youthful Prince of Wales in his swinging days. But I am sure that viewers, middle-aged and over, especially those who heard the famous abdication speech on radio on December 10, 1936, will revel in every scene and still which is displayed in this fascinating movie.

Once again producer Jack Le Vien, who made the stirring Churchill documentary "The Finest Hours," successfully recreates history and the period. While I do not like "A King's Story" as much as "The Eleanor Roosevelt Story" and "The Finest Hours" (probably because Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, as he was christened after his birth in 1894, is not as interesting a person as Eleanor or Winston), it has much to recommend it as it traces, in photographs, newsreel clips and films from the Duke of Windsor's private collection, a king's story from his childhood to the present. There are gaps in the tale, of course, because a camera was not always around. But director Harry Booth has handled his material well; and the screenplay by Glyn Jones and the narration, written by John Lord and effectively read by Orson Welles, add a great deal to make the documentary skillful as a whole. Since the film is based largely on the Duke's memoirs, it was wise of Jack Le Vien to use a flashback technique, starting with, and returning from time to time to, shots of the Duke and Duchess (mostly the Duke) in their lovely, very English garden at their country home at Gif-Sur-Yvette near Paris.

There is no doubt that David, as his friends called him, was an attractive youth and Prince Charming; and "A King's Story," with its many touches of humor and occasional foreboding flashes of things to come, shows him at his best. From time to time, revealing dialogue is used, with actors speaking the principals' words (David Warner for the young Prince of Wales; Patrick Wymark for Churchill; George Bernard Shaw as himself in an amusing comment on the marriage; Flora Robson, first-rate in her pronouncements as Queen Mary). But even as we enjoy the film's many assets, the fine shots of palaces (Buckingham, Windsor, Sandringham, etc.), the display of costumes through the years, the processions and pageants and historical events, and the Prince's many world tours and immense popularity everywhere, a quite serious tone slips in to warn us: the duty of the king is to serve, the duty of the king is to lead; the occupation of the king is his people,

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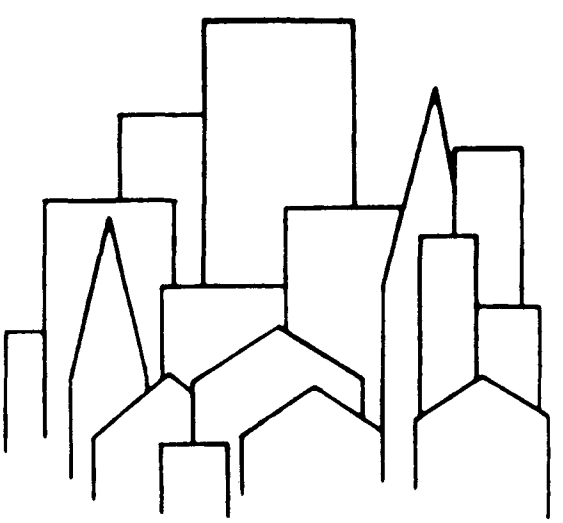

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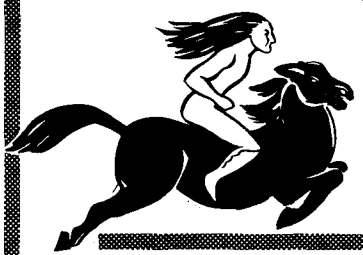

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the burden of the king is his solitude.

Anyone expecting "A King's Story" to stoop to sensationalism or yellow journalism when it shows or discusses the events with Wallis Warfield Simpson has come to the wrong movie. This part of the story, though not skimmed over, is handled with dignity, and the steps in 1936 with the death of King George, David's becoming King Edward VIII, Mrs. Simpson's impending divorce, the talk of Edward's marriage to a woman who has already had two husbands, the abdication, are portrayed in visuals when ever possible and covered by leaders in the political and religious areas as well as by newspapers and men-in-the-streets. Whether the real cause of the abdication was the marriage itself or Edward's interests in slum clearance and other projects that seemed unkingly to some is not thrashed out. But two of the film's most moving scenes come near the finale: when Edward's last official ceremony is laying a wreath at the Cenotaph, and when his last unofficial tour is visiting the poverty-stricken miners in Wales. These are followed by an excellent scene in the present with the Duke of Windsor re-reading the abdication speech that brought tears to the eyes of a nation and the world.

I suppose in years to come a later-day Shakespeare will write a historical play about Edward VIII. He will no doubt find "A King's Story" useful and he will no doubt expand it with psychological insights and perhaps even incidents of poetic license about the promising prince who, for the love of a woman, deserted the work for which he had been so well trained all his life. I hope this dramatist makes Edward VIII a warm, humane, and understandable person. He might, if he likes, use one of David's wisecracks that impressed me in my youth: while on a long tour of a city, never pass a men's room without using it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

AN APPEAL: Pedro is a nine-year-old who lives with five younger brothers and sisters in a one-room shack in one of the worst *favelas* in Rio de Janeiro. As the eldest, he often gives his breakfast to one of his younger sisters. Pedro has no shoes; he does not go to school. Without constructive help from abroad he faces the bleakest future.

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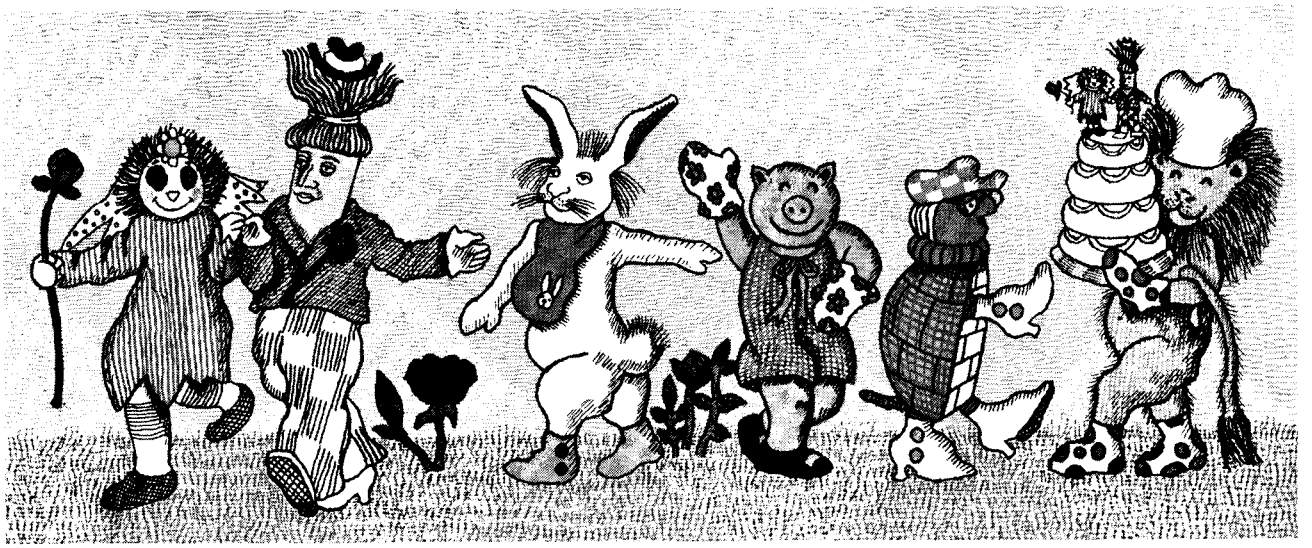

From "The Wedding Procession of the Rag Doll and the Broom Handle and Who Was in It." (Harcourt, Brace & World)

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Jewish Holidays. By Betty Morrow and Louis Hartman. Ill. by Nathan Goldstein. Garrard. $2.75.

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES, *who has previously contributed articles on children's books to these pages, is a free-lance writer and children's books editor for the Garrard Publishing Company.*

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When the Baby-Sitter Didn't Come. Written and Ill. by Jacqueline Chwast. Harcourt. $2.95.

Here is a hilarious book that mothers will delight in reading aloud, for it tells of the pandemonium when Mama had to take Eve and Pammy with her to the department store. Small girls of course will delight in their escapades.

The World in the Candy Egg. By Alvin Tresselt. Ill. by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop. $3.75.

Lovely spring colors show life going on inside an old-fashioned, peep-show candy egg. A most decorative picture book with lasting charm.

The Walk the Mouse Girls Took. Written and Ill. by Karla Kuskin. Harper. $2.50.

A family outing, nature lessons, a mystery and a big surprise, are the ingredients of this simple, perceptive story of a mouse girl and her "superior" older sister. Decorative drawings with a tiny, mouselike detail.

Charlie the Tramp. By Russell Hoban. Ill. by Lillian Hoban. Four Winds. $2.95.

A warm, homey, humorous story about little Charlie Beaver who thinks being a tramp would be more fun than working like a beaver. As usual, Lillian Hoban's drawings are irresistible.

One Monday Morning. Written and Ill. by Uri Shulevitz. Scribner. $3.95.

A medieval king and queen and their retinue parade to a boy's 20th century apartment, in this gay, whimsical story with the rhythms, repetitions and big, bright, detailed pictures that children love.

The Guard House. Written and Ill. by Don Freeman. Viking. $3.50.

When the Petrinis from N.Y.C. come to visit their friend Clyde, the tiny Guard Mouse at Buckingham Palace, it makes a wonderful excuse for a gay tour of London, all in Don Freeman's best, bold, brilliant paintings.

The Three Visitors. By Marjorie Hopkins. Ill. by Anne Rockwell. Parents'. $2.95.

Good design and feeling for Eskimo life distinguish the vivid color drawings in this original folktale of a little girl's kindness one very stormy day in the far North.

Moon Man. Written and Ill. by Tomi Ungerer. Harper. $4.50.

A gigantic, wacky, pseudo-scientific, moral tale of a lonely Moon Man who comes down to Earth and of his frustrations and hair-raising adventures. Here is great entertainment for the entire family.

To Sing a Song as Big as Ireland. By Nathan Zimelman. Ill. by Joseph Low. Follett. $3.95.

A lilting, mischievous tale of a boy who caught a leprechaun so he could have his wish granted, and be a great Irish bard.

From "The Swing in the Summerhouse" (Harper & Row)

The Wedding Procession of the Rag Doll and the Broom Handle and Who Was in It. By Carl Sandburg. Ill. by Harriet Pincus. Harcourt. $3.25.

Highly original, bold, satirical drawings that combine old fashioned and modern whimsy make this a memorable edition of Carl Sandburg's lively, rhythmical tale of animals and children parading in a most unusual wedding march.

EASY READING

Evan's Corner. By Elizabeth Starr Hill. Ill. by Nancy Grossman. Holt. $3.95.

A small Negro boy longs for a private place, just his own, and lovingly fixes the special corner his mother gives him in their tiny apartment. A warm, moving story that marches right ahead, accompanied by sensitive city and family scenes by a distinguished young artist. 6-9.

A Likely Place. By Paula Fox. Ill. by Edward Ardizzone. Macmillan. $2.95.

An original and whimsical city story of a boy whose family insists on helping him too much, and how he finally gains independence. True to city life, many of Lewis' adventures take place in the park. 7-10.

Miranda the Great. By Eleanor Estes. Ill. by Edward Ardizzone. Harcourt. $3.25.

When the Barbarians sack Rome, Miranda, the queenly mother cat, preserves the lives of a multitude of kittens in the Coliseum and starts a famous, feline chorus. The imagination, humor and skillfully visualized background will win many friends for Miranda and for Roman history. 7-11.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. By Pearl S. Buck. Ill. by Mamoru Funai. John Day. $3.

Abandoned boys, sons of American soldiers and Korean mothers, make a little home of their own under a bridge in Pusan until their luck turns. A compassionate story of courage and kindness. 8-10.

Trina's Box Car. By Patricia Miles Martin. Ill. by Robert L. Jefferson. Abingdon. $3.25.

Patience and courage help a lonely, Spanish-speaking girl, whose family are always moving, to finally make a friend —and to speak English. 8-10.

The Troublesome Tuba. By Barbara Rinkoff. Ill. by Brinton Turkle. Lothrop. $3.25.

This humorous story of a fourth grader, who was determined to play in the school band like his big brother. Pencil drawings. 7-10.

The Turnabout Trick. By Scott Corbett. Ill. by Paul Galdone. Little, Brown. $3.50.

My son grabbed this book when it came in to review, for what more could any child want than an evening of hilarious adventures with Kirby and Fenton and their magic chemistry set. 8-11.

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Zeely. By Virginia Hamilton. Ill. by Symeon Shimin. Macmillan. $3.95.

Summering with cousins on a farm, day-dreaming Geeder, a Negro girl, meets the wise and beautiful Zeely and learns the importance of being oneself. A sensitive, discerning story with equally sensitive, large lithographs.

FAIRY, FOLK TALES AND LEGENDS

The Brownies: Their Book. And *Another Brownie Book*. Written and Ill. by Palmer Cox. McGraw Hill. Each $2.95.

As a child, I used to pore over the adventures of the Brownies, as my parents had before me. Now with these new editions, the fun as fresh as when it first appeared, my children, too, can enjoy the Brownies' escapades. 6-11.

The House of Cats and Other Stories. By John Hampden. Ill. by Enrico Arno. Farrar, Straus. $3.25.

Little-known, traditional tales from Italy, skillfully retold and lovingly put together in a nicely designed book with decorative ink drawings. 8-12.

Tit for Tat and Other Latvian Folk Tales. Retold by Mae Durham. Ill. by Harriet Pincus. Harcourt. $3.25.

Poor men and good men win out against barons and devils in these wry, robust stories, excellent for reading aloud. 8-12.

The Twilight of Magic. By Hugh Lofting. Ill. by Lois Lenski. Lippincott. $3.95

An original fairy tale in the glamorous tradition of kings and magic and poor boys gaining fame. Giles' adventures, which never seem to stop, will be welcomed back in print. 8-12.

The Story of Pink Jade. By William J. Lederer. Ill. by Joan Berg Victor. Norton. $2.95.

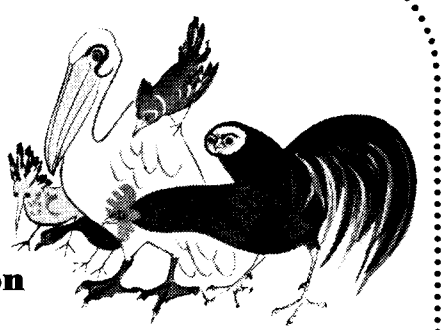
An ancient but timeless Asian tale of a vain beauty who searched for new kings to conquer and instead found God. Delicate drawings. 9-12.

Tales Told by a Crocodile. By Humphrey Harman. Ill. by George Ford. Viking. $3.95.

Humphrey Harman has made an important contribution to world folklore, and to our understanding of the people of Africa, by collecting these distinctive tales from Nyanza and retelling them with such verve and style. 9-13.

Russian Stories and Legends. By Leo Tolstoy. Ill. by Alexander Alexeieff. Pantheon. $3.95.

Rare birds... rare delights... in new children's books from Beacon Street, Boston



The pleasures that await your young readers in the coming months are many and varied. Some of their favorite authors return with exciting new stories or informative books of fact — history, astronomy, architecture, education. The pictures and designs of our books increase a reader's understanding. The next time you take your young readers to the bookstore or library, ask to see these fine titles:

***RABBIT GARDEN**
Miska Miles; illustrated by John Schoenherr. Ages 4-8. $3.50

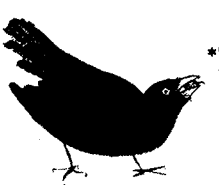
***THE SEED THAT PEACOCK PLANTED**
Written and illustrated by Juliet Kepes. Ages 4-8. $3.50

THE GOOSE THAT WAS A WATCHDOG
Wilma Pitchford Hays; illustrated by Nelson McClary. Ages 6-8. $2.95

MIRACLE AT THE PLATE
Matt Christopher; illustrated by Foster Caddell. Ages 7-11. $2.95

***TIME AND MR. BASS**
Eleanor Cameron; illustrated by Fred Meise. Ages 8-12. $3.95

BLACK RIVER
Vera Andrus; illustrated by Irene Burns. Ages 8-12. $3.95



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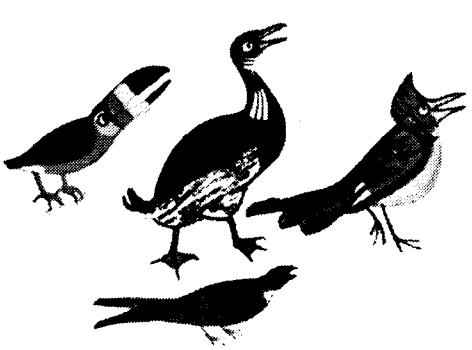
THE IN-BETWEENER
Cliff Faulknor; illustrated by Leonard Shortall. Ages 8-12. $3.95



Illustrations from *The Seed that Peacock Planted*

TOM'S TOWER
Janet McNeill; illustrated by Mary Russon. Ages 10-14. $4.95

***MOON EYES**
Josephine Poole; illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman. Ages 10 up. $4.25

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Sarel Eimerl. Ages 12 up. $4.75

FORWARD TO TEACH
Francis V. Lloyd, Jr.; illustrated by John Gretzer. Ages 12 up. $4.50

WINDOWS TO SPACE How Astronomers Map the Heavens
James S. Pickering. Ages 12 up. $4.75

FROM TEPEE TO TOWERS A Photographic History of American Architecture
Carl E. Hiller. Ages 12 up. $4.50

BLOOD, BANNERS AND WILD BOARS Tales of Early Spain
Jonreed Lauritzen; illustrated by Gil Miret. Ages 12 up. $4.50

AND MILES TO GO The Biography of a Great Arabian Horse, Witez II
Linell Smith. Ages 12 up. $4.50

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Edwin P. Hoyt; illustrated by Earl Thollander. Ages 12 up. $4.25

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Original folk legends with a haunting beauty which stress the theme of brotherhood and love of God. Striking color woodcuts. 10-up and adult.

STORIES FOR AGES 9-12

The Magic Summer. By Noel Streatfield. Ill. by Edward Ardizzone. Random. $3.95.

Four English children spend a most unusual summer with a strange aunt who lives on the Irish coast.

The Swing in the Summerhouse. By Jane Langton. Ill. by Erik Blegvad. Harper. $3.95.

Fantasy and reality are skillfully combined as four children in Concord, Mass., swing their way to some extraordinary adventures, and learn the value of joy and wonder. Concord's rich past is an integral part of the story.

High Country Adventure. By Marian Rumsey. Ill. by Joseph Cellini. Morrow. $3.25.

A city boy, downed in a plane in Alaska, makes a 300-mile trek through the wilderness. Good writing.

The Roan Colt. By Reginald Ottley. Ill. by David Parry. Harcourt. $3.25.

A fine feeling for life on a remote Australian cattle ranch, as the hero of *Boy Alone* gets a saddle of his own and faces great danger to save a beautiful but crippled colt.

The Wind Chasers. By Ester Wier. McKay. $3.50.

Two brothers learn to come to grips with themselves, and life, on a lonely drought-stricken strip of land in Arizona. A perceptive book about the need for both reality and dreams.

Ponies for Hire. By Margaret MacPherson. Ill. by Robert Parker. Harcourt. $3.50.

A girl on the Isle of Skye starts a riding stable for tourists and unexpectedly finds a friend and helper in a standoffish city boy. Excellent characterization and a feel for the land.

The Little Fishes. By Erik Christian Haugaard. Ill. by Milton Johnson. Houghton. $3.50.

Guido, a 10-year-old orphan in wartorn Italy, manages to keep himself and his friend, Anna, alive as they wander from place to place and, despite the horrors around them, to maintain their love for mankind. Poetic writing.

The White Mountains. By John Christopher. Macmillan. $3.95.

A thrilling, and convincing story of the future, in which two boys escape to the mountains of Switzerland rather than have their minds controlled by the monstrous "Tripods" now ruling most of the Earth. This is not the usual science-fiction, but a book with real depth and style. I cannot wait for the sequel that is promised.

HISTORICAL STORIES

Hengest's Tale. By Gillian P. Walsh. Ill. by Janet Margrie. St. Martin's. $3.95.

The Dark Ages in all their harshness and splendor are brought vividly to life in this poetic saga of Hengest a Saxon invader and ruler of Kent, a tragic but noble hero. 10-14.

Katia. By E. M. Almedingen. Ill. by Victor Ambrus. Farrar, Straus. $3.50.

Miss Almedingen, the great-niece of the original Katia, has fictionalized her aunt's memoirs of her childhood in Russia 125 years ago. A fiery, impressionable girl's adjustments to both tragedy and happiness indirectly give a picture of life in a large, well-to-do family in the Ukraine. This is such good reading, it should be popular for another 125 years. 10-14.

Tides of Danger. By Elizabeth Baldwin Hazelton. Scribner. $4.50.

Set in the Mexico and Baja California of Spanish days, a thrilling tale of a 14-year-old boy's escape from peonage and his quest for a fabulous pearl with which to ransom his family. Rich style, rich plot. 11-15.

From "The Dragon" (Dutton)

Swords from the North. By Henry Treece. Ill. by Charles Keeping. Pantheon. $3.95.

The thrilling exploits of a famous Viking, Harald the Stern, as a hired soldier in Constantinople. The last in Henry Treece's outstanding trilogy of the Norse King. 11-15.

The Marsh King. Written and Ill. by C. Walter Hodges. Coward McCann. $3.95.

A richly peopled drama of violence and hope as King Alfred tries to drive the Danish invaders from Wessex and establish a new era of peace and learning in Britain. A stirring saga. Ages 12-15.

Casilda of the Rising Moon. By Elizabeth Borton de Trevino. Farrar. $3.50.

A love story, a saga of medieval Spain, and a tale of mysticism and religious devotion. This is a rich tapestry, peopled by Moslem, Christian, and Jew, king, knight and peasant, with the beautiful Casilda, who grows to sainthood, as its central figure. 12-16.

MODERN TEENAGE NOVELS

Honor Sands. By Mildred Lee. Lothrop. $3.75.

Sensitive portrayal of a teenage girl's growing up, her school friends, her first dates, and her struggles for identity and recognition.

Cave of Danger. By Bryce Walton. Crowell. $4.50.

Two rivals race to discover a huge cave and face great danger in its dark labyrinths. Excellent geological detail.

The Troubled Summer. By Ben Haas. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

Clay Williams, a sensitive, ambitious, teenage Negro, who is closely involved in the bitter civil rights drive in his rural Southern community, learns that it is as important to try not to hate the whites as it is to try to change their prejudice.

Victory Volley. By Nelson Hutto. Harper. $3.95.

A welcome change after endless football and baseball stories, is this well-written novel of a high school tennis champion's trying to gain confidence.

Don't Take Teddy. By Babbis Friis-Baastad. Translated from the Norwegian by Lise Somme McKinnon. Scribner. $3.95.

A moving, gripping tale of suspense and character, as a teenage boy comes to realize that his retarded brother, whom he hides to protect, must have professional help. A difficult subject handled with skill, honesty and warmth.

Cross Currents. By Joan Phipson. Ill. by Janet Duchesne. Harcourt. $3.50.

Seventeen-year-old Jim, furious that his father won't let him quit school, gains new maturity, as he and his more sensible young cousin go on a hare-brained cruise in stormy Australian waters.

Ismo. By John Verney. Holt. $3.95.

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A refreshingly original and complex novel that has many ingredients: a coed boarding school, an ex-Nazi, art thieves, a secret society of young anarchists, and a boat-train-auto chase from London to Florence, worthy of a Hitchcock movie. All this and a highly literate style, too.

Patrol Car. By Roderic Jeffries. Harper. $3.50.

A grade-A detective story in the best British tradition of chase and suspense.

Horses of Anger. By James Forman. Farrar, Straus. $3.50.

Nazi Germany and four teenage soldiers in World War II in a tragic yet hopeful, and beautifully written novel.

Fierce and Gentle Warriors. By Mikhail Sholokhov. Translated by Miriam Morton. Ill. by Milton Glaser. Doubleday. $3.95.

Three stories of Russian soldiers, and of man's striving for a nobler life, by the Nobel Prize winner.

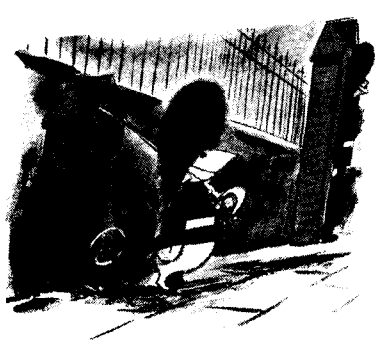
BIOGRAPHY

William Tell and His Son. By Bettina Hurlimann. Translated and Adapted by Elizabeth D. Crawford. Ill. by Paul Hussbaumer. Harcourt. $4.25.

A beautiful large book with poignant text and brilliant, impressionistic paintings of William Tell and Walter as they courageously fought tyranny in Switzerland 600 years ago. 6-10.

Henry Morton Stanley. By Charles P. Graves. Ill. by Nathan Goldstein. Garrard. $2.75.

The life of Stanley, the explorer, is so full of adventure from boyhood on that



From "The Guard Mouse" (Viking)

it reads like a thrilling novel, and Charles Graves has done full justice to Stanley's amazing triumph over innumerable obstacles. Many pictures. 7-11.

Franklin D. Roosevelt: Portrait of a

Keep your eyes on WESTMINSTER books for children and youth

THE STORY OF LYNDON B. JOHNSON
By *Shirlee P. Newman*. An intimate view of our 36th President from boyhood on—stressing the personal qualities that brought him to the top. Photos. Boys & girls, 8-12. $3.25

STORIES OF FAMOUS SHIPS
By *Captain Frank Knight*. Illus. by *Will Nickless*. Great ships through the ages, starting with the corn ship that carried St. Paul to Rome. Boys & girls, 9-12. $3.50

STORIES OF FAMOUS SEA FIGHTS
By *Captain Frank Knight*. Illus. by *Will Nickless*. Twenty exciting reconstructions—from Salamis in 480 B.C. to Leyte Gulf. Boys & girls, 9-12. $3.50

SECRET OF THE SPOTTED SHELL
By *Phyllis A. Whitney*. Illus. by *John Mecray*. An intriguing mystery with a Virgin Islands setting, by one of America's most popular writers for teenagers. Boys & girls, 10-14. $3.75

MYSTERY OF THE SASSAFRAS CHAIR
By *Alexander Key*. Illus. by *Louis Segal*. A mystery with supernatural elements—permeated with Blue Ridge Mountain folklore. Boys & girls, 10-14. $3.75

THE COMMODORE'S BOYS
By *Helen Orlob*. A fascinating history of the naval campaigns of the War of 1812, focusing on the role of Commodore Edward Preble in building the young U. S. Navy. Boys & girls, 10 and up. $3.95

SECRET OF THE MARAUDER SATELLITE
By *Ted White*. Adventures of a U. S. space cadet in 1984. Top-notch science-fiction. Boys & girls, 12-15. $3.75

PISTONS AND POWDERPUFFS
By *Gene Olson*. This fast-paced story of sports-car racing will appeal to girls who wonder why boys find cars so absorbing. Girls, 12-15. $3.75

GIFT OF LAUGHTER
By *Estelle Webb Thomas*. A girl goes to New Mexico to teach Navajo children— and finds romance, adventure, and an identity. Girls, 12-15. $3.75

FULLBACK FROM NOWHERE
By *Dick Friendlich*. Exciting gridiron action—climaxed by the poignant unmasking of a football hero who has entered college on false pretenses to become "an educated person." Boys, 12-15. $3.75

THE NAVY'S FLIERS IN WORLD WAR II
By *Wyatt Blassingame*. Includes many inspiring stories of individual heroism. Official U. S. Navy photos. Boys and girls, 14 and up. $4.95

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DEVOTIONS FOR FAMILIES WITH YOUNG CHILDREN
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Official U.S. Navy Photo.

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New Spring Books

Illustration by Harriet Pincus

THE WEDDING PROCESSION OF THE RAG DOLL AND THE BROOM HANDLE AND WHO WAS IN IT

by Carl Sandburg; illustrated by Harriet Pincus. The lovely nonsense of this old favorite from *Rootabaga Stories* has been given new dimension by a young artist of extraordinary originality. Ages 4-8 $3.25

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON

by Bettina Hürlimann and Paul Nussbaumer; translated by Elizabeth D. Crawford. The story of William Tell, through the eyes of his nine-year-old son, with striking full-color pictures. Ages 5-9 $4.25

THE SEA EGG

by L. M. Boston; illustrated by Peter Boston. The beauty and magic of a summer by the sea are captured in this memorable story of two boys. Ages 7-11 $2.50

MIRANDA THE GREAT

by Eleanor Estes; illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. How a cat of ancient Rome saves herself, her daughter, and other kittens when the barbarians sack the city makes a delightful and humorous tale by a Newbery Medal winner. Ages 7-11 $3.25

THE ROAN COLT

by Reginald Ottley; illustrated by David Parry. Another unforgettable story, set on an Australian cattle-station, about the boy so perceptively portrayed in *Boy Alone.* Ages 9-12 $3.25

PONIES FOR HIRE

by Margaret MacPherson; illustrated by Robert Parker. Kirsty's stormy partnership with a summer boarder, renting riding ponies on the Isle of Skye, brings her newfound maturity. Ages 10-14 $3.50

THE RICHLEIGHS OF TANTAMOUNT

by Barbara Willard; illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. A swift-paced tale of Victorian melodrama, set on the Cornish coast, in which four children discover a dark secret. Ages 12 up $3.25

MOUNT UP

A True Story of the Civil War

by Julia Davis; illustrated with photographs and a map. A vivid account of a Confederate cavalry officer's experiences based on his own journal. Ages 12 up $3.75

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

Great Man. By Gerald W. Johnson. Photos. Morrow. $3.75.

Roosevelt and his era, simply, warmly and perceptively portrayed. From ages 9-13.

The Young Thomas More. By Rosemary Haughton. Illustrations. Roy. $3.25.

A very readable, fictionalized account of St. Thomas More's boyhood and early career. Another good biography in the Roy series, *John Wesley* by Joan Clifford. Each 10-13.

Hurry Henrietta. By Molly Cone. Houghton. $3.25.

Henrietta Szold, the brilliant, warmhearted daughter of a wise Rabbi, grew up to found Hadassah. Here, in fictional form, is a study of her youth in a busy Baltimore family and her early career as she searches for fulfillment. 11-14.

Sound No Trumpet: The Life and Death of Alan Seeger. By Irving Werstein. Photos. Crowell. $3.75.

An extremely absorbing, well-written story of the sensitive, rebellious dreamer who found himself in poetry and action. Seeger kept his rendezvous with death in World War I but his poems still speak to youth everywhere. 12-18.

Henry David Thoreau: A Man for Our Time. Selections and Drawings by James Daugherty. Viking. $4.50.

A handsome book; selections from Thoreau's own writings on solitude, freedom, value, and justice, with strong, two-color lithographs of Thoreau, his friends, and the outdoor world he held so dear. 12-18.

Eugene O'Neill. By Olivia Coolidge. Scribner. $3.95.

A brilliant study in depth of the complex dramatist, his turbulent family life, and his great contributions to the American theater. 13-18.

The Count Who Wished He Were a Peasant. By Morris Philipson. Photos. Pantheon. $3.95.

The life and philosophy of Leo Tolstoy, as seen against his times. 12-18.

Dag Hammarskjöld. By Charlie May Simon. Photos. Dutton. $3.95.

Young people will be fired by the idealism, dedication and selflessness of this great public servant. 12-18.

Madame Prime Minister: The Story of Indira Gandhi. By Emmeline Garnett. Photos. Farrar, Straus. $3.50.

A timely biography that not only tells of Indira Gandhi's childhood with her famous father, Nehru, and her political training up to the time of her prime ministership, but gives a capsule history of India's struggle for independence during the 1900's. 12-18.

THE UNITED STATES

The Kennebec River. By Louise Dickinson Rich. Ill. by Lili Rethi. Holt. $3.95.

Rich in anecdote, this absorbing account of the people who have explored, worked and fought along the banks of the Kennebec is indirectly a history of Maine itself. 9-14.

Washington, D.C. The Story of Our Nation's Capitol. By Howard K. Smith. Ill. with drawings, prints, maps and photographs. Random. $3.95.

Washington through the centuries; a large book with many photographs that should prove invaluable to students of American history as well as to sightseeing families. 10-up & adult.

Votes for Women. By G. Allen Foster. Photos. Criterion. $4.95.

A lively account of the Women's Suffrage movement in America. 12-18.

From Sea to Sea: The Growth of the United States. By Harold Faber. Farrar. $4.75.

From "Turnabout Trick" (Little, Brown)

How America, west of the 13 colonies, was gradually explored, purchased and settled. A scholarly book. 13-18.

Thaddeus Stevens and the Fight for Negro Rights. By Milton Meltzer. Crowell. $4.50.

This is not only a rich, rounded and thoughtful biography of Thaddeus Stevens, a great lawyer and Congressman, but an excellent history of the legal fight

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for Negro rights during the mid-1800's. 13-18.

In Their Own Words: A History of the American Negro 1916-1966. Edited by Milton Meltzer. Photos. Crowell. $4.95.

The third and final volume in this distinguished collection of Negro writings which gives, better than anything else, a picture of Negro struggles and hopes in the 20th century. 13-18.

The Navy's Fliers in World War II. By Wyatt Blassingame. Photos. Westminster. $4.95.

Wyatt Blassingame is a topnotch journalist and this is a full and vivid account of important air missions throughout the war in the Pacific, and of the courageous flyers who carried them out. 13-18.

WORLD HISTORY AND CULTURE

A Picture History of Ancient Rome. Written and Ill. by Richard Erdoes. Macmillan. $4.95.

A large unusually attractive book with a brief and entertaining text and truly artistic paintings of Roman rulers, architecture and military campaigns. A real contribution to history. For ages 8-11.

The Roman Empire. By Isaac Asimov. Decorations and maps. Houghton. $4.50.

Isaac Asimov has the amazing ability to digest a vast amount of complex historical material and present it with clarity, order and gusto. This vivid and detailed panorama of men and events

From "Zeely" (Macmillan)

is a worthy successor to Mr. Asimov's equally distinguished book, *The Roman Republic.* 12-18.

The Falcon and the Dove. By Alfred Duggan. Ill. by Anne Marie Jauss. Pantheon. $3.95.

Not only the dramatic story of Thomas à Becket's education and career, and his struggles with King Henry, but a brilliant and detailed tapestry of life in 12th century England. 12-18.

Boys in Battle. By John Laffin. Photos. Abelard. $3.95.

Vivid vignettes of boy soldiers, their military education and gallantry in action from the Middle Ages through the Korean War. This book, by a military historian, is extremely well written and, though it does not glorify war, gives rightful honor to the bravery and resourcefulness of soldiers under eighteen. 12-18.

Revolution: France 1789-1794. By Sarel Eimerl. Ill. with old prints. Little, Brown. $4.75.

The leaders and events of the French Revolution. A careful history that gives insight into the patterns of all revolutions and the tragic violence that should be avoided if possible. 12-18.

Jane Austen and Her World. By Ivor Brown. Photos. Walck. $3.95.

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SCRIBNERS

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ings by Frederick Catherwood. Rand McNally. $4.50.

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Two excellent and dramatic histories for ages 12-18.

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Tradition and Change in African Tribal Life. By Colin M. Turnball. Photos. World. $5.95.

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Africa is People. Edited by Barbara Nolen. Photos. Dutton. $6.95.

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Look at a Gull. Story and Photos by Dare Wright. Random. $2.95.

Beautiful, large photos of a gull growing up and flying through the changing seasons. For anyone who loves birds, or the seashore. 5-up.

Waves, Tides and Currents. By Elizabeth Clemens. Ill. with maps, diagrams and photos. Knopf. $3.75.

This clearly written, attractively designed book will be invaluable to families by the sea as well as young science students. 8-13.

Adventures with Flowers. By Elizabeth T. Billington. Ill. by Arnold Dobrin. Warne. $2.95.

This short simple book contains an amazing amount of information about flowers, their nature, and uses. It also tells how to hold a flower show. The attractive pastel drawings are soft yet precise. 9-13.

The Moon in Fact and Fancy. By Alfred Slote. Ill. by John Kaufmann. World. $3.95.

An original and delightful book about the moon; primitive legends that tried to explain the unknown, followed by modern scientific explanations of the moon's origin, geography and future, etc. 9-14.

Wonders of the Earth: Mysteries that Point to God. By Gary Webster. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

Tides, earthquakes, meteor showers and many other wonders of the earth, all explained with scientific care, with stress on the fact that the more we learn the more aware we are of the mystery and pattern behind the seeming diversity of our universe. 10-15.

The Spider of Brooklyn Heights. By Nancy Veglahn. Photos and old prints. Scribner. $3.95.

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From "Katia"
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux)

Bridge gives an excellent introduction to engineering. 10-16.

The Romance of Physics. By Keith Gordon Irwin. Ill. by Anthony Ravielli. Scribner. $4.95.

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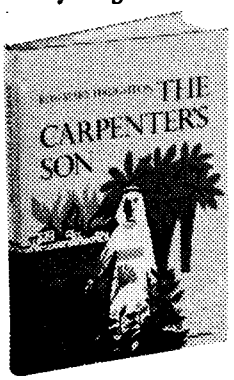

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An intriguing account of the many birds and beasts that have become extinct and of still others that have been rescued from oblivion. Well-written, this should arouse young people to the need for conservation. 12-18.

POETRY

Mommy, Buy Me a China Doll. Child's Song from the Ozarks Adapted by Harve Zemach. Ill. by Margot Zemach. Follett. $3.95.

A most appealing, repetitive story-song from pioneer days, with equally appealing bright and sprightly, bold color illustrations. 4-8.

Rainbow Over All. By Ivy O. Eastwick. Ill. by Anne Siberell. McKay. $3.25.

From "The World in the Candy Egg" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard)

Gay verses about everyday fun, nonsense and outdoor pleasures that are excellent for reading aloud. 5-10.

All That Sunlight. By Charlotte Zolotow. Ill. by Walter Stein. Harper. $2.95.

Gulls flying high, forget-me-nots and firelight—these are but a few of Charlotte Zolotow's joys that she has caught in words to share with children. 6-9.

Poems of Robert Herrick. Selected by Winfield T. Scott. *Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Selected by Edmund Fuller. Illustrations. Crowell. Each $2.95.

Each of these poetry books is handsomely designed and attractively illustrated and makes an excellent graduation or birthday present, as well as a fine addition to a library. 11-up & adult.

D. H. Lawrence: Poems Selected for Young People. Selected by William Cole. Ill. by Ellen Ruskin. Viking. $3.95.

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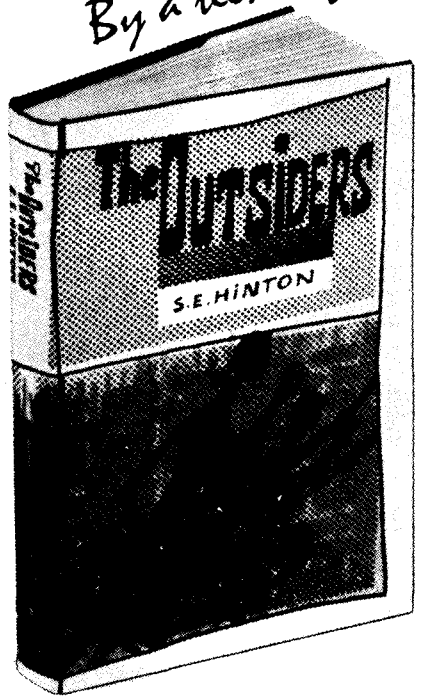
By a teen-ager



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Design is a Dandelion. Written and Ill. by Janice Lovoos. Golden Gate. $4.95.

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by large pictures that will open a child's eyes to design in the world of nature (daisies, beetles, waves) and to an understanding of design itself. 6-10.

From Teepees to Towers. By Carl E. Hiller. Photos. Little, Brown. $4.50.

An excellent photo-history of American architecture. Ages 10-18.

Roofs Over America. By Marion Downer. Photos. Lothrop. $3.95.

The whys of roof design in America as it changed from place to place and time to time, influenced by climate, function, culture and the need for beauty and creativity. Miss Downer manages to compress a wealth of material into a brief, clear and elegant book. 9-up & adult.

Antiquities in Peril. By Trevor L. Christie. Photos. Lippincott. $4.25.

Famous monuments and art objects, among them the Parthenon, are constantly under attack by time, nature and man himself. This dramatic story of 14 that are being rescued by modern scientific methods should arouse interest in further safeguards and restorations. 12-18.

Drawings to Live By. By Bryan Holme. Ill. with more than 140 reproductions. Viking. $4.50.

These drawings of all centuries and sorts have been loved by the author who now shares his enthusiasm with us. This is not only a treat to look at, but a history of the artists and their techniques. 12-up & adult.

Printing from a Stone: The Story of Lithography. B. S. Carl Hirsch. Photos. Viking. $3.75.

The enthusiasm and clarity with which Carl Hirsch describes the invention and perfection of lithography, and its uses in art and commerce, make this a fascinating book, one that is designed with fitting artistry. 12-18.

The Magic Flute. Retold by Stephen Spender. Ill. By Beni Montresor. *The Story of Lohengrin.* Retold by Doris Orgel. Ill. by Herbert Danska. Putnam. Each $3.95.

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CAREERS

Forward to Teach. By Francis V. Lloyd. Ill. by John Gretzer. Little. $4.50.

A former school teacher and superintendent, now Director of the Laboratory Schools at the Univ. of Chicago, shares his wide experience and tells the teaching requirements of each grade and type of school, with enthusiasm and honesty. 14-18.

Writing, Illustrating and Editing Children's Books. By Jean Poindexter Colby. Hastings. $6.95.

This survey of the publishing field by a wise and experienced author-reviewer-agent-children's book editor is written with down-to-earth detail as well as style and is *must* reading for anyone considering a publishing career, as well as authors and librarians, indeed anyone interested in books. 14-up & adult.

My Spain: A Storyteller's Year of Collecting. By Ruth Sawyer. Viking. $3.50.

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REFERENCE

The New Book of Knowledge: The Children's Encyclopedia. Editor in Chief: Martha Glauber Shapp. Ill. with photos in color & black and white, maps, diagrams and color drawings. Grolier. 20 vol. $199.50.

This is a completely new, up-to-date, and highly successful, comprehensive, curriculum-orientated encyclopedia for the elementary grades and junior high. The articles are full and scholarly, yet written with simplicity, style, and zest. My son age 10, and my daughter age 13, have both tried it out and found just the sort of material they need for their school work and general interests. I, as an editor, have even found it extremely valuable as a reference tool. The articles have such life that one wants to read on and on for pleasure. The enormous number of attractive illustrations, many in color, add to the appeal.

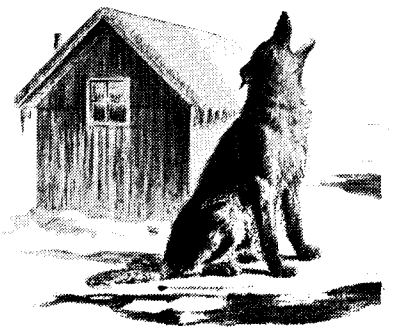
CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 275)

ing behavior, corporate and personal, which that state of things imposes. Mr. Clurman says it should remain a business. Well I happen to think not. Or, at least, not the kind of corporate monkey business which we now have. If I am 'naive' about the television business, I suspect Mr. Clurman may be similarly naive about the likes of Stanton, Goodman and McAndrew, although I admit that these are not identical personalities. That's why I have chosen not to discuss anybody's good or bad intentions in my review, but have assumed that this was fairly normal corporate behavior in a set-up guided by profits. That's why, I suspect, that I'm in favor of a genuinely socialist alternative to the present television system. What exactly is Mr. Clurman in favor of—another Henry Moore statue for Dr. Stanton?

RICHARD M. ELMAN

Harper Books for Boys and Girls



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